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The Week

IF President Coolidge has a hate list, the names of Harry Daugherty and four members of the California Supreme Court ought to be at the top of it. Daugherty, by publishing his letter to John W. Davis and Gaston Means's twenty-four hour "repudiation" of his testimony before the Brookhart-Wheeler Committee, has brought forward the corruption issue just when the Republicans were trying with all their might to keep it out of sight. The California Supreme Court, by a four-three vote, has ordered the La Follette-Wheeler electors off the ballot in November. Californians who want to support the Senator from Wisconsin must vote the Socialist ticket in order to do so. It would be hard to ask a better illustration of the La Follette contention as to arbitrary use of the power of the courts to enforce the conservative social views of some judges.

THE more you study this decision of the California Supreme Court the more extraordinary it appears. The California law permits nominations (for all except a group of non-partisan offices such as those of school officials, etc.) in three ways: by primary, convention or petition. The Republicans and Democrats chose the first method, the Socialists the second, the La Folette group the third. Petitions must be signed, if circulated after the primary election, by one percent of the voters, the signers being persons who did not vote in the primary. In a single day 50,000 such voters each signed fourteen La Follette electors' petitions, a total of 700,000 signatures. Four members of the state Supreme Court have ruled these electors off the ballot on the ground that they are not "officials" but "messengers." They have so ruled though the California legislature explicitly ordered that the election law "shall be construed liberally so that the real will of the people shall not be defeated." As one of the dissenting judges (Judge Lennon) said, "to construe this statute strictly when it itself directs a liberal construction defeats not only the will of the legislature but also the will of the people."

THE Scripps-Howard newspapers have been studying the personnel of the California Supreme Court. Their findings may be summarized as follows:

> All four of the majority judges are Coolidge Republicans. Two of the minority are Democrats, and one is a Progressive Republican.
>
> Two of the four majority judges are running for the offices they now hold this year, and are on both the Republican and the Democratic ticket.
>
> Three of the four majority judges have never been elected by the people but are the political appointees of the "hardboiled reactionary" Republican governor, Richardson.
>
> The fourth judge, who was in the legislature "away back in the smelly days of the Southern Pacific domination of California" also first got on the bench by appointment.

Alongside these facts it is worth while to place one other: the Literary Digest's poll of 15,000,000 voters, still in its initial stages, last week showed in California 22,848 for Coolidge, 19,829 for La Follette and 3,008 for Davis.

THE week's political news has centred chiefly in New York State. Al Smith at last consented rather

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grimly to accept another nomination for governor, which he didn't want; he was persuaded, of course, by the argument that Davis cannot win the nation without New York and cannot win New York without Al. While we have no wish to assume the garb of prophet we believe it altogether unlikely that the Republicans can carry the state against Smith. Perhaps they agree, and don't intend to try; for Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., whom they have selected as his opponent is far from being their strongest man. He is known to the public chiefly through his testimony in the oil scandal. At that time, though his personal integrity was not successfully challenged, his admitted ignorance of what was going on made an impression far from favorable. He is, however, more highly regarded in Republican circles than his present chief, Secretary Wilbur, whose ability to put his foot in it seems little less than miraculous. Young T. R. has resigned his navy post; and it is confidently supposed that should Mr. Coolidge win in November, and should Al Smith go back to Albany for another term, the scion of the Roosevelts will become Secretary of the Navy.

FOR several years the British have been urging Germany to apply for membership in the League of Nations; and recent news from Geneva and Berlin indicates that this is about to be done. Germany's note disavowing responsibility for the War has been shelved; evidently she has been promised, privately, at least a temporary and perhaps a permanent seat on the Council. It is not necessary to overestimate the League's present power to regard Germany's joining as a step of importance and usefulness. The acceptance of the Dawes plan takes France out of the Ruhr and puts on the Allies the burden of getting reparation payments across the international boundaries. Membership in the League will mean that Germany is no longer confined, in protesting unfair treatment, to a Reparation Commission packed against her in advance. On the question of disarmament and security she is better off under a general League scheme than she is under an Allied Control Committee of army officers. The League remains the executing agent for the terms of the treaties of 1919, some of which were gravely unjust; indeed, the elaborate arbitration plan on which the experts are now at work, is partly an attempt to "freeze" the present boundaries for all time. But these things are as true with Germany outside the League as in; and probably more true.

WORK on the League's famous treaty of arbitration, security and disarmament goes on, but among increasing difficulties. The correspondents have suddenly discovered with alarm that its anti-war provisions will be applied to all nations whether members of the League or not. This is inevitable, if the treaty is to have any reality; yet it raises some interesting speculations about possible entanglements between the United States and other powers. What such entanglements might be is suggested by the demand of Japan that such a supposedly domestic question as immigration policy should be considered international and subject to compulsory arbitration. This interpretation the other powers strongly oppose. As we go to press there is grave doubt whether Japan will sign the protocol, and even some fear that she will leave the League itself. She has a second point at issue, China's demand that she be allotted one of the six non-permanent Council seats. The Oriental members of the League, sensitive about the issue of race equality, attach great importance to this request. It is safe to assume that they are also watching with keen interest progress before the Assembly of the dispute between Turkey and Great Britain over the Mosul area.

MAYOR JOHN F. HYLAN, of New York City, Rear-Admiral Charles P. Plunkett of the United States Navy, and unnamed representatives of the Department of Justice have lately been participating in an outrageous and unjust attempt at censorship. As our readers are aware, a play entitled "What Price Glory?" has been running in New York. Its authors, Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, have attempted to portray truthfully the speech and actions of a company of marines in France during the War. The characters use rough language, although it is far from being as rough as that employed in real life not only by soldiers but by college boys, taxi drivers, newspaper reporters—in short, by all groups of young men not under the (sometimes) restraining influence of womankind. The actions of the marines in this play are as unprettified and faithful to life as their speech. A captain and a top-sergeant quarrel over the innkeeper's daughter, a young woman of what used to be described as "easy virtue." Several of the characters in the play drink to excess; some of them have a poor opinion of the fire-eating generals who conduct the War from a safe distance behind the lines. In short, as everyone who is in a position to know, and has eyes not blinded by sentimentality or by his own self-interest will admit, the play is a good picture of the motives and actions of average men in the field. If perhaps not the best specimens to be found among the nation's defenders, they are equally far from the worst. In addition, "What Price Glory" is a work of art of a high order. General consent of the critics ranks it as the best drama of the present season, and in the opinion of one writer, Heywood Broun, it excels anything in the same field by Eugene O'Neill, and comes close to being the best play ever written in America.

UPON this play all the forces of censorship have concentrated their fire. The New York City Police Department, following Mayor Hylan's lead, using

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a new clause in Section 722 of the New York State Penal Code, intended to confer wider authority in dealing with pickpockets, has threatened to arrest the whole cast in the midst of a performance, and has thereby forced the omission of some phrases alleged to be particularly obnoxious. Such an interpretation of the law is obviously unwarranted and undesirable. Several attempts have been made in the past to inflict censorship laws on the State of New York and (except as to motion pictures) they have always failed. To smuggle into a clause dealing with pickpockets language which is tantamount to creating a censorship shows an arrogant contempt for the forces of public opinion. Even more deplorable is the other complaint in which Rear-Admiral Plunkett and agents of the United States Department of Justice have joined. The recent National Defense Act contains as Section 125 a prohibition against displaying the United States uniform in any manner which may "bring discredit upon" the service. After Department of Justice agents had visited the play and reported on it, Admiral Plunkett sent a copy of its text to Secretary Wilbur for a decision as to whether or not this section has been violated. Secretary Wilbur, no whit discouraged by his recent adventures in indiscretion, has told newspapermen that "the play is full of gutter language no longer found in the navy. He explains that such expressions "were characteristic of the old-time sailor before the navy was made clean."

CENSORSHIP of a work of art by the civil authorities is bad enough; censorship in time of peace by the Department of Justice and the United States Navy is ten times worse. For one thing, nobody is competent to judge a work of art unless he has sufficient intelligence and taste to form a clear concept of the spirit and purpose of that work and its general relation to other efforts in the same field. It is at least doubtful whether the average naval officer or Department of Justice operative, taken at random, possesses these qualifications. And in any case, such censorship is wrong in principle and should be fought to the last ditch. One of the ways to get war abolished, if we ever do get it abolished, is by telling people the truth about it between times. Critics of the Admiral Plunkett school haven't enough effrontery to pretend that "What Price Glory" doesn't tell the truth about soldiers and war. They know perfectly well that it does. What they demand is that war shall be lied about—to the end that recruiting shall not be discouraged. And section 125 of the National Defense Act appears to support their amiable desire, at least so far as the stage is concerned. Prussia in her best days could well have envied us section 125.

THE civil war in China has entered upon its second and more real phase. The struggle for Shanghai is now seen as merely one aspect of the fight for control of all China except the Canton region, between Wu Pei-fu, overlord of the Peking government and the central provinces generally, and Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian generalissimo. The winner of this semi-preliminary war, presumably, will go on to fight Dr. Sun Yat-sen's southern government for final supremacy. The present fighting at Shanghai has gone against Chang Tso-lin's men and this fact has probably inspired the open declaration of war by Wu Pei-fu. Serious engagements may be expected as soon as a sufficient body of Chang Tso-lin's troops can be moved down from the north to make a frontal attack on Peking. In the meantime, it is more than likely that a few of the members of the large foreign colony in China may get hurt, and that foreign property will be destroyed. While the war is not anti-foreign in character (notwithstanding large amounts of nonsense to this effect from Berlin and Moscow) it is impossible to suppose that armies in battle can stop to identify the nationality of one innocent bystander as against that of another, or will lose a technical advantage in order to safeguard somebody's oil tanks or warehouses or factories. In consquence of the accidents which are fairly sure to happen, we may expect that loud demands for armed intervention will be made in Washington, London, Paris and Rome.

THE best informed experts on China are unanimous in saying that such intervention would be a disastrous mistake, even if regarded only from the most opportunist point of view. If European or American troops, or both, were used on one side or the other, they would turn the struggle into a genuine anti-foreign war. The masses of the people, most of whom are at present apathetic as to the outcome, would then rally in something like a repetition of the Boxer uprising. Unless force be thus exerted on one side or the other, it would be impossible to exert an influence on the war without putting many thousands of men in the field to create a sort of compulsory and temporary truce. The best thing the powers can do is undoubtedly to let China, since she has embarked upon the struggle, go her own way to whatever solution she can reach. It is worth remembering meanwhile that a heavy and double burden of responsibility for this war rests upon the Western powers. Not only has Europe for the past eighty years kept China bound hand and foot, thwarting all efforts at genuine national independence, but the Washington conference of 1921 continued this policy in one especially important particular. The provincial military governors, or tuchuns, finance themselves by local taxes which they withhold from the Peking government. The latter, which is thus left almost penniless, relies on the import duties, which are collected by foreigners. At Washington, China asked an increase in the tariff rate which would enable her to finance

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the central government and keep down the power of the provincial chiefs. The request was refused, the powers consenting to an increase so small as to be meaningless; and it is safe to assume that the present civil war is in some part the result of that refusal.

THE criminal syndicalist business is sharing the universal depression so far as the whole country is concerned. Eighteen "politicals" have been released in the course of the summer, bringing the total number of political prisoners down from 121 to 106 now actually in confinement. Pennsylvania, Illinois and Arkansas have now cleared their jails of sedition and syndicalism cases. California, however, is still going strong. There are ninety-four men now in prison in that state for the offense of membership in an interdicted organization, the I. W. W., the most recent being Tom Conners, formerly secretary of the California branch of the General Defense Committee of the organization. Conners sent out a mass of circulars appealing for support of the Fellom bill to repeal the criminal syndicalism law. One of these fell into the hands of a member of a venire, not a juryman, called to try a case under that law. Upon this basis Conners was convicted of tampering with a jury and sentenced to five years in prison. This has been reduced by the state prison board to three years, which Conners is now serving. The Federated Press, commenting on the case, remarks that simultaneously a Woodland contractor, who confessed to having introduced a juryman to the defendant in a bootlegging case, was convicted and sentenced to five days in jail. The Wobbly business thrives where it does thrive!

THE program for "American education week" is, no doubt, an insignificant affair. It is simply a bulletin of suggestions issued by the federal bureau of education for the guidance of the public schools in the observance of the week of November 17 as a period of prayer and propaganda for more and better schools. Teachers and principals may or may not pay any attention to it. But as a picture of the educational ideas of the Coolidge administration it deserves careful study. Its main preoccupation is the red menace, to which the schools are merely an incident. Constitution day is aimed at communism, patriotism day at revolutionary radicalism. "Slogan: the red flag—danger." Illiteracy is deplored because it allows the illiterate to become the tool of the radical. Such are the considerations that are to be borne in mind in connection with the need for better schools. At the national conference of the National Education Association last summer, President Coolidge declared for a cabinet secretary of education. The present commissioner, Mr. John J. Tigert, would have us understand that one is needed to combat Russian propaganda.

The Democratic vs. A Progressive Party

SINCE the campaign began little sharp or direct controversy has taken place between the Democrats and the Progressives. The Democrats and Progressive candidates have both concentrated their attacks on the Administration, their obvious intention being to take advantage of the discontent with Republican government and its resulting unpopularity. Mr. Davis has ignored Mr. La Follette and Mr. La Follette has almost ignored Mr. Davis. The respective vice-presidential candidates of the same parties, coming as they both do from the West, could not literally imitate their chiefs. Mr. Wheeler, a Democrat, has had to explain why he could not support the Democratic nominee. Mr. Bryan, the governor of an agrarian state, has had to convince his constituents that the Democrats would remedy the grievances of the farmers more successfully than the Progressives. But clashes of this kind are minor episodes in the campaign. The Democrats have on the whole behaved as if the Republicans were their real enemy and as if they had little to fear from the loss of Democratic votes to La Follette. The Republicans, on the other hand, have almost entirely ignored the Democrats. Their speakers, headed by that reckless enemy of bunk, Mr. Dawes, have devoted their vituperative garrulity to a denunciation of the Progressives' conspiracy against the Constitution. The Democratic candidate alone has not been subjected to any very sharp or vigorous criticism. Apparently he occupies a less assailable position than does either of his adversaries.

The appearance, however, is deceptive. Mr. Davis's freedom from direct attack is far from indicating invulnerability. He is, as a matter of fact, the victim of effective flank attacks from both of his adversaries. The Republican orators, in concentrating their oratory on La Follette are seeking not only to win back hesitating Progressives who were once Republicans, but quite as much to scare timid Democrats into rushing to the rescue of the threatened Constitution. The Progressives in denouncing the Republican party as the chief stronghold of the vested interests are seeking to convince discontented Democrats that a new Progressive rather than the old Democratic party will prove to be the only trustworthy and thorough-going enemy of intrenched privilege. The outcome of the campaign will depend on the success of these indirect assaults on the party loyalty of Democrats. The nomination of Mr. Davis imposed on him the task of reinvigorating an organization whose morale had been shattered during the embittered and exhausting dissensions of the New York convention. An important part of his task was to prevent desertion from its ranks of voters with emphatic conservative or radical tendencies by imparting new vitality to the

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historic claim of the Jeffersonian Democracy to combine all the good in conservatism with all the good in progressivism. He has for this purpose delivered many vigorous and adroit speeches in which he has made effective use of his opportunities. He has attacked the Republicans for their corruption and incompetence with cogency and force. He has eloquently and sincerely tried to convince conservatives of the essential conservatism of his party, and to convince progressives of its essential progressivism. If Mr. Davis has not succeeded in preventing Democrats from deserting it is not the fault of his tactics. The responsibility belongs to the authors of the strategy which imposed upon a man of his record, associations, outlook and public carriage the task of convincing the American voter that it was more important to be Democratic than to be either conservative or progressive.

At present there are many indications that he is not succeeding. The La Follette vote will be large. In many of the polls he is almost keeping abreast of Coolidge. He is naturally running much stronger in some localities than in others, but the neighborhoods in which he obtains the most support are the neighborhoods which were counted on to support him. Wherever any conscious farmer or labor voters were supposed to lurk, there La Follette is running strong. A large part of this vote, particularly in the rural districts, is, of course, composed of former Republicans, but in the cities the support for La Follette is derived even more from former Democrats than former Republicans. There has existed for many years in most of the large industrial centres of the North and Middle West a semi-radical wage-earner vote which has usually preferred the Democratic candidates. It is these voters who are seceding to La Follette, and their defection appears to be fatal to Mr. Davis's chances of success at the polls. In nominating a man of Mr. Davis's record and associations, the Democrats wagered their chance of electing a President in 1924 and possibly the future of their party on the assumption that the economic issue would not determine the result of the election. They made, we believe, in this respect a mistake. For at least the campaign that is being waged at present, the Democracy has lost to La Follette the North and Middle West who have in the past balanced the conservative tendencies of its chief constituencies in the South.

How far the Republicans will on their side succeed in scaring conservative Democrats into saving the Constitution by voting for Coolidge is more doubtful. This, next to the propaganda value of Mr. Coolidge's personality as that of the consummate American, is their great card. In view of the large La Follette vote they may, as the campaign draws to an end, persuade many good Democrats into believing that the country is in danger. American conservatives of all parties are for some reason peculiarly the victims of herd psychology. The La Follette candidacy appears to be sufficiently popular to menace the future security of many institutions and privileges which are precious and profitable to their beneficiaries. If an impression to this effect is adequately advertised, timid Democrats will fear that a vote for Davis will merely evade the outstanding issue of the campaign. Of course the allegiance of the South and of the border states to the Democracy will not for the present suffer from any misgivings, but in the rest of the country Davis is likely, so far as the popular vote is concerned, to run a poor third as compared with his two competitors.

If such should be the outcome of the election, it is natural to ask whether the process of whittling off the Democratic party for the benefit of the Republicans on the one hand and of the Progressives on the other will not continue—whether it will not end by the annihilation of the Democracy and the future distribution of its members between two parties, one of which would be conservative and the other radical. The Democrats naturally do not take kindly to this question. The New York World asserts that an affirmative answer to it "runs against all the facts of American politics, American constitutional arrangements, American sectional interests and political human nature." This is a formidable dreadnaught of rebellious "facts" for even the most arrogant prophecy to contend with, but in the past so many institutions, which to the minds of their beneficiaries marshalled "all the facts" on their side and were rooted in "human nature," have turned out to be ephemeral that we cannot consider the question barred from polite discussion merely because of its declared absurdity.

The reason which the World alleges for the perpetuity of the Democratic party hangs upon its complete domination of the South and its irresponsible and absolute control of something between 120 and 166 votes in the Electoral College. This southern bloc is so hopelessly solid and constitutes such a large part of a possible majority in the College that any party machine which disposes of them is at least as immortal as the American political system. We shall never, according to the World, have two parties, one conservative and one progressive. The South will insist on remaining an independent self-centred bloc, and there will always be enough middle-of-the-road voters in other parts of the country who will coöperate with the South to prevent conservative or progressive tendencies from dominating American political contests. If a Progressive party comes into existence, it will always be a third party, and the permanent existence of three parties will not, the World thinks, make "for progress and good government."

This argument ignores another possible alternative which is entirely compatible with the admitted facts of the situation. We agree with the World that the permanent existence of three parties of any-

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thing like equal strength would not only increase the difficulty of good government in the United States but might make under the present Constitution almost any efficient government impossible. We agree also in attaching enormous importance to the existence of an independent territorial bloc which controls something between a quarter and a third of the vote in the Electoral College and which considers its own continued solidarity essential to the security of the social system of his own neighborhood. But we cannot see that a southern bloc which will insist on remaining solid will also insist on remaining Democratic in the old sense or in refusing to coalesce with Republican conservatives. The southern Democrats who are dry and Klannish have in the past combined with certain wage-earning and other northern and western groups who are often wet, Catholic and foreign-born to form a political party which was capable of contesting a national election with the Republicans. But suppose a large fraction of these former northern and western Democrats formed a new coalition with discontented groups in the Republican party and by this means deprived both the Republicans and the Democrats of the power to carry on the government. Suppose these dissenting groups increased sufficiently in numbers to compromise the safety of vested interests of all kinds, and to threaten the lawyers, the business men and the professional politicians who have operated the old parties with the loss of their customary power and privileges. Is there any reason why the Solid South and the conservative Republicans should not form a new coalition in order to fight the common enemy and to regain control of the government?

If the Solid South should form a coalition with conservative groups in the rest of the country, it would preserve its own solidarity intact, while at the same time it would unite with the other elements in American political and social life which are most congenial to it. The Republican conservatives no longer exhibit any disposition to interfere with the class and race domination which now exists in the South and which explains its intense localism. They would, if necessary, be eager to guarantee to the southern states immunity from outside interference provided the ruling oligarchy in that section would agree to put its electoral and congressional votes into a common conservative pool. There are, no doubt, at the present time many superficial obstacles to such a combination. The manufacturing and industrial interests of the North are divided from the cotton planting South by custom, by manner of life and by many political, social and cultural scruples. The combination will come only as the result of outside pressure. Both parties to it would have to be threatened by a possible dislocation of the existing distribution of economic and political power. But such a dislocation is precisely what a Farmer-Labor progressive party would propose to bring about, and in so far as it succeeded the alliance of the ruling oligarchy in the South with a party of northern conservatives looks almost inevitable. The increasing industrialization of several southern states will undermine many obstacles to a possible coalition, and so will the fear in the South of the future unionization of Negro labor. In fact this bloc of 120 or more votes in Congress and the Electoral College, which exists chiefly for the purpose of perpetuating the political and social superiority of the whites in the former slave states, is likely in the end to become the most dependable stronghold of American conservatism, and a most effective weapon which it can use to redress its probable numerical inferiority in the rest of the country.

The foregoing argument assumes that an increasing proportion of the American people, belonging chiefly to classes which are now practically excluded from effective participation in the economic and political government of the country, will demand a larger share of responsibility and power than they now have or than its present possessors will voluntarily surrender. If this assumption is not true, there is no reason why the Democratic party and other time-honored American political institutions should not endure indefinitely. But if it is true, the process which appears to be taking place during the present campaign of dividing up the membership of the Democratic party between two parties, one conservative and one progressive, is likely to continue. For the intrusion of a new party, formed by recruits from numerically large classes which are now partly excluded from power and which will be impelled to seek re-adjustments of power and functions, is bound to have an effect of this kind. It must either destroy one of the two older parties or itself cease to exist, and in the second case it would be superseded by some other method of enfranchising and educating the wage-earning worker. If it does destroy one of the two older parties, the Democracy will surely be selected for sacrifice. The work of disintegration may in that case consume fifteen or twenty years during which American government will remain more or less deadlocked, but a temporary deadlock is usually a necessary condition of the assimilation of new classes in the operation of an economic and political system. It would be preferable to the continued division of American political power between two parties, both of which are committed ultimately to keeping the political and economic power of the American nation safe in the hands of its present possessors.

Mr. Macfadden Defines News

THE initial issues of the New York Evening Graphic have made a noteworthy contribution to the theory of news. Any paper owned and directed by Mr. Bernarr Macfadden would be certain to exhibit his peculiar genius. His is a magazine temperament. In the nature of things his

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paper would be a daily magazine; a shrewd publisher might have forecast that the magazine features, the special articles, short stories, serials, prize contests and omnipresent illustration, would predominate in the Macfadden newspaper, and the facts would have borne him out. But in actuality Mr. Macfadden has gone one step further. He has carried the magazine technique into his treatment of the news itself, and by so doing has made a rather penetrating comment upon the whole business of newspaper publication.

Generally speaking, anything that happens is news. The purest news policy is that of the village paper the columns of which are hard enough to fill to make every local event a welcome source of copy. Where you read that Miss Jessie Quaver is now taking singing lessons in the county seat, that Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Haywire are the proud parents of twins, mother and babies are doing well, and that a cow on the farm of the unfortunate (and, you understand, ne'er-do-well) Simpkinses got through the pasture fence into the orchard and gave herself a violent colic, thereby cutting off the neighbors' milk supply—you may know perfectly well that no artificial definition of news stands as a barrier of theory between the reader and the truth. In any such community events occur which do not appear in the Daily Echo. The full details attending the resignation of the treasurer of the Ladies' Aid Society or the departure to other climes of the just too attractive Albright girl do not appear. But this is only a decent reticence. That there is something to be known, which any interested reader may obtain through his own quite adequate news channels, the Echo always manages to convey.

From this to the twenty-four pages, eight columns to the page, of the metropolitan daily is a bigger jump than is necessary to develop the sophisticated theory of news. A change is apparent no farther along than the county seat. As soon as the community has reached such a size as to make most of its inhabitants strangers to each other, and to multiply births, deaths and musicales beyond the possibility of complete recording, a bored satiety supervenes. A censorship of the news sets in automatically. No more twins. No more music lessons. No more dog fights or five-legged calves or good times had by all. It is no longer news that a dog has bitten a man. No one knows the man and, Aw, say! dogs do that every day.

But it still remains true that if a man bites a dog, that's news! Here, in the famous definition that has served as a beacon to a generation of cub reporters, is the paradox of the orthodox metropolitan theory of news. Why is it news that a man has bitten a dog, even when no one knows the man nor sympathizes with the dog? One could imagine oneself explaining to an outlander that the civic function of the newspaper is to serve as a glass through which the people may watch steadily the progress of world, national and municipal events. Upon such a basis most of the contents of most of the papers would remain completely unintelligible, while the famous definition would be just so much Greek. On its face that rule would seem to be a flat contradiction of the civic function. The suppression of the dogs that bite the men, the blasé neglect of the obvious, has a total effect of keeping the public in blank ignorance of the mass character of civic life. The tens of thousands of police court cases that go unreported because they occur in tens of thousands are precisely what the public needs to understand and to watch. It needs to watch them through the eyes of trained statistical observers. Instead it gets the sob sister, while all that is obvious and commonplace and therefore massively true and significant is very largely lost from sight. That is not "news."

On the other hand, the designation of the sob stuff, the heartache and human interest stories, as "news" has nothing whatever to do with the contemporaneity of the events. This sort of thing is "news" simply and solely because the public likes to read it. It satisfies a certain thirst. Editorial convention maintains a flimsy pretence of actuality by sticking to events which have, in some sense, actually occurred. The rigid formula, Gerty Murphy, 333 Thirty-third street, accompanies each item. This alone differentiates the tale from pure fiction. Nothing is drilled into the cub reporter with obscener vigor than the absolute requirement of strict veracity in names, addresses, dates and places. He is expected to know by instinct, by his "nose for news," that what is wanted underneath this formula is current fiction. What a prince eats for breakfast is news: the prince's place in fiction is secure. So is the remarkable behavior of Mr. Rastus Brown, 666 Sixty-sixth street, who has taken to feeding on dogs. The dog had been howling at the door for some time when Brown opened it suddenly and seizing the dog bit him in the neck. The dog is expected to die.

Mr. Macfadden has taken over this field by proprietary right. His greatest coup in the magazine field has been the true story: "I am the most unhappy woman in New York," etc. Hitherto, it is said, the stories in which he has dealt have nevertheless not been strict transcripts from actual occurrence. The columns of the daily press abound in just the materials of his trade. What more natural than that he should adopt them? With consummate penetration he has transferred the technique of the True Story Magazine to the news columns of the Graphic. Immediately under his headlines he runs a short paragraph of italic in which the names, dates and essential event are disposed of. The fiction follows, a series of true stories, each conveying the heartache of a participant in the event.

Says Rastus Brown, "I don't know why I did it. Something inside seemed to snap and I just bit him. Why should I hang when rich boys

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go free?" Says the dog, "Woof, woof," and a feeble whine.

What Mr. Macfadden prints in his news columns is precisely what may be found in any city daily. The only difference is his audacity in discarding all pretence to the civic function of keeping the public informed of the progress of events. His is frankly a true story daily magazine. The question which he raises is whether his news is essentially different from anybody else's. A certain modicum of world events we have always with us. Furthermore, there are different tastes in fiction. But under the rule of the man-dog formula most of the news of most of the papers has been current fiction throughout the history of modern metropolitan journalism.

The Future of Radio

THOSE who have discussed radio broadcasting as a social force have recently confined themselves to its use in political campaigns. Under the circumstances this is natural; yet it is worth remembering that after November 4 radio will still be here. To what uses which have the slightest interest for intelligent people may we expect it to be put in the three years and ten months before the the voice of the politician is again heard in the land?

In the belief of those most competent to judge, radio is not a mechanical fad which will sweep the country, as bicycle riding once did, and then disappear. While its present popularity is partly attributable to novelty, it is here to stay. As improvements are added, (conceivably including radio transmission of motion pictures) it will become well nigh universal. The Department of Agriculture states that the number of receiving sets on farms has trebled in the past twelve months. Including home-made ones there are between three and four million of them in this country already, or one for each seven or eight families. It is easily within the bounds of possibility even now that a speaker may be listened to on some special occasion by a quarter or a third of the whole adult population.

It is also generally admitted that the radio is potentially a genuinely important medium of intellectual communication. Any one who will take the trouble to test it for himself may discover that (unless he is unusually visual-minded) he can follow the drift of an argument quite as well or better by hearing a speaker on the ether than by reading his remarks in next morning's paper. Despite the abnormality of listening to one whom you cannot see, it is common experience that better concentration is possible at the radio than in the public lecture hall with the distractions of a crowd. The speaker's "personal magnetism," if he has any, is enormously diminished in its power to affect the judgment of his auditors. Critical standards are preserved which are a useful assistance to independent thinking. Finally, the instant accessibility and ease of the radio are great incitements to the use of whatever intellectual opportunities it affords. Almost any owner of a receiving set will testify that at least during the first few weeks that he had it he listened to ten times as much oratorical and musical matter as during any equal period before.

But here comes the rub. In most parts of the country full 90 percent of the non-musical material on the air is sheer rubbish, not worth the attention of any one with more than an eight-year-old mind. The largest item of all on the programs is, of course, jazz music. There is likewise a quantity of somewhat better music and occasionally a performance of real importance. If its usefulness were mainly as a musical instrument, the radio would have little social value—certainly not much more than the phonograph or the self-playing piano. It is when we consider it as a device for transmitting thought that we come both to the field of greatest potential usefulness, and the worst present failure.

Not only do the radio broadcasting stations give a disproportionately small amount of time to the spoken word, but the quality is in general appallingly bad. First and worst is the evil of paid advertising, most of which is not even acknowledged as such. All sorts of commercial institutions hire lecturers and "rent time on the air" for discussions almost invariably dull and vulgar and usually smeared over with the demand that the auditors shall go and buy something. Some stations, we are glad to report, refuse to permit advertising; but the tendency is the other way.

Next to paid advertising, a common feature is broadcasting after-dinner speeches. Naturally, the merit of these depends on the men who make them; but in general it is fair to say that most are made by persons not worth hearing and that even the individual who has something to say is rarely in a mood to say it.

For the rest, these ethereal speakers are a job-lot of individuals who are willing to volunteer their services without charge: the broadcasters have not yet realized that it is just as impossible for them to secure competent speakers without payment as it would be to conduct a great university with a volunteer faculty, or a leading magazine with unpaid contributors. The corps of radio volunteers includes some self-advertising would-be publicists; a few professional patriots who are trying to scare the country back into the frame of mind of the eighteen eighties; special pleaders for charity bazaars, and the like. Some good speakers who should be willing to talk at least occasionally, speakers whom the radio audience would be glad to hear, are deterred by the arbitrary supposition of the managers that the listeners can't stand more than fifteen minutes of anything. Many others don't appear because they have never been asked.

This fact brings us to the heart of the problem and helps account for the failure of broadcasting

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as an intellectual force today. This remarkable invention, with potential powers second only to those of the printing press and with an audience already nearly as large as that of our entire public school system, is mainly under control of men unfitted by training and personality for posts of such importance. While there are a few exceptions, such as stations maintained by universities, it is generally true that the making of programs is in the hands of underpaid individuals, picked up at haphazard, usually musicians or men whose primary interest is music. They are admirably fitted to assemble orchestras, pianists and singers; but when it comes to lectures and addresses they are about as competent as Florenz Ziegfeld is to run Columbia University.

The development of motion pictures in the United States was held back half a decade because at first it was in the control of fly-by-nights, adventurers and reformed pushcart peddlers, not one in a hundred of whom had reached the social level where one takes one's hat off indoors. Radio broadcasting seems threatened by the same fate, and for somewhat the same reason: because a remarkable new educational device has suddenly developed as a sort of by-product of industry and is therefore in the hands of business men not only ignorant of its proper use, but indifferent as to whether it is used properly or not.

Radio, of course, cannot and should not take the place of existing media of information. It is not a substitute for the school and far from being a substitute for the newspaper. The fears often expressed on the latter score have already proved groundless. Eighty percent of the matter in the daily press is of a character not suited for radio transmission; and even if it were, not many persons are willing to spend hours listening to the same information which they can get in a few minutes by glancing over a daily journal. Events of spectacular interest, particularly in sports, will be broadcasted as they occur; and already the sale of hasty special editions has been limited by this practice; but those who have thus heard the story of a prizefight, football match or baseball game seem doubly eager to read an account of it in print next day and see how it struck the other fellow.

The real field for radio is not as competitor but as supplement for the daily press. Its potentialities in the dissemination of miscellaneous information are almost unlimited. Mr. Allan Benson writing in a recent issue of Hearst's International Magazine advances a suggestion for improvement which we heartily endorse. The reason radio programs are so bad, Mr. Benson says, is because the task of assembling a good one is roughly comparable to that of editing a newspaper—a task about which the radio people know nothing. In a city like New York, for example, interesting people who have something to say and know how to say it are constantly arriving as visitors from all parts of the world. If the broadcasters were competent, Mr. Benson thinks, they would get hold of these people and persuade them to talk, or to be interviewed briefly by a trained man before the microphone. There are others in the resident population who ought to be heard and aren't. If an event comes along in the day's news such as the Japanese earthquake, for instance, there is no reason why the leading geologist of Columbia University should not say a few words to the microphone that evening about why the earthquake happened, whether it is likely to recur, and so on.

To operate efficiently on such a basis Mr. Benson believes a further modification is necessary. At present a large city will have half a dozen stations all of which offer more or less the same sort of thing—a potpourri of good music and bad, excellent speeches and awful ones. Obviously, no single station can become really efficient in so many fields. Mr. Benson therefore proposes that each station confine itself to one type of material. Then the radio listener who wants jazz can always find it by seeking the same spot on his dials, and the man who is in search of verbal amusement or instruction will find it with equal facility.

No one can doubt that some such development is coming and probably in the near future. At present it is easy to find sensible people who have purchased radio sets and have virtually given them up in disgust after the first few weeks because they find nothing on the air worth hearing. There is a menace in this situation for the manufacturers of apparatus, which they must meet to protect their investment. Already the potential market is about 20 percent saturated; the time is not far distant when, as is already the case with other mechanical novelties, the chief sales opportunities will be in replacements and additional equipment. Maintenance of broadcasting stations is expensive now and will be even more so when the programs are made better; but there is no help for it. This new and marvelous means of transmitting ideas cannot be allowed to go largely to waste as at present; public demand will force its more intelligent use even if those in charge of it continue blind to its opportunities and responsibilities.

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Why I Shall Vote for La Follette-IV

MY reasons for supporting La Follette and Wheeler are neither subtle nor recondite. On the basis of their open record I find them the kind of men that I like to vote for; and their platform on the whole appeals to my instinctive prejudices as well as to my sober judgment.

This being the case, I am naive enough to want to see B. K. Wheeler presiding over that body of which he has so swiftly become a conspicuously useful member; and nothing would delight me more than to see fighting Bob La Follette, with his honest vision and dogged courage, in the place now occupied by the over-cautious New England provincial.

Of course, to be a New Englander is neither a misfortune nor a disgrace. Justices Holmes and Brandeis are both from Coolidge's adopted state. But to be a provincial New Englander certainly limits the reach of presidential achievement. It is related as an incident greatly to the credit of the former governor of Massachusetts that he refused to embrace the opportunity to attend the San Francisco exposition after an appropriation had been made for the purpose. In the light of later events it is a pity that the legislature left the matter to his discretion. A journey into those unfamiliar regions where the West begins should be a compulsory requirement in the vocational training of every President. What a relief it would be to the Republican campaign managers if their candidate had ever by act or gesture conveyed the impression of having travelled corporeally or in imagination west of the Connecticut River—except to take up his official residence on the Potomac! One of his Northampton neighbors admires the President so intensely that he told me in an unguarded moment that he would "just love to see him made king for ten years." I hear no such sentiments from wheat-growers and corn-huskers or from any other workers the country over who have bitten into practical economics and developed an appetite for realistic politics.

The La Follette campaign is not a hero-worshipping, one-man affair. What La Follette said in 1896 and wrote again in 1912 still holds.

> I do not believe, [he says in his Personal Narrative of Political Experiences] that it lies in the power of any one man or group of men successfully to proclaim the creation of a new political party, and give it life and being and achievement and perpetuity. New parties are brought forth from time to time, and groups of men have come forward as their heralds, and have been called to leadership and command. But the leaders did not create the party. It was the ripe issue of events.

Not since 1856 has there been such a ripe issue of events as now. Not since 1860 has there been such an opportunity for giving life and being and perpetuity to a political party. Yesterday it was not there. Tomorrow it may be an accomplished fact. Today it is in process. The issue is not between Republicans and Democrats. It is not defined in Republican or Democratic platform. It is really between powerful financial interests, on the one hand, determined to keep control of the government, supported by a vast number of voters who drift as birth, education, associations, and traditions carry them, and on the other hand a number of unorganized emerging groups—agricultural, industrial, professional—with little or no support from tradition or conventional education, but awakening to the fact that their interests are kindred, to be promoted only by concerted and enlightened action—not conflict or compromise, but integration.

The shift is from a political to an economic basis; from tradition to realities; from party names and shibboleths to the substance which party manipulators have seized under cover of party discipline and loyalty. The new party is to represent wealth in the sense of general well-being. It is to represent workers as against parasites. It is to represent no one class; but none the less it sets out to destroy the monopoly of privileges and favors which certain classes have enjoyed. It is not to be sectional; but it is to assert that every section is essential to the national unity. It is to stand for technical efficiency; for brains and honesty in the public service; for the jealous conservation of all public resources; for taxation of the social surplus in the common interest; for property in so far as it performs a useful social function, but not as sacrosanct, not as the basis of our civilization.

The independent Progressives who are voting for La Follette and Wheeler as a first long step in the creation of a new and permanent political party will respond enthusiastically, if I understand their spirit, to Senator La Follette's demand for a curb on the legislative veto of the courts and on the use of the injunction process to make new crimes without legislative sanction and to punish these alleged crimes without trial by jury. No more inexcusably demagogic harangues have been made in this campaign than those by the Republican candidates which falsely represent this demand as an attack on the Constitution. It is on the contrary a legitimate demand for the restoration and perpetuation of that balance of powers which the Constitution contemplates.

What interests us most, however, is not the balance of powers, but the increase of power, and its free and beneficent exercise for the promotion of the common welfare. The executive arm should not be palsied by graft or misdirected by hidden

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forces. The voice of the executive should not be heard in protest when the Congress exercises its ancient and precious right of investigation. The judiciary should on its own initiative revise its procedure with a view to facilitating rather than thwarting the adaptation of antiquated political institutions to living needs.

Davis and Dawes exquisitely represent the obnoxious set of principles and ideas. They are the real opposition. La Follette and Wheeler having already taken the lead are declaring the paramount issues. They are issues which will survive this campaign. The more promptly they can be won, the more votes in their behalf this year, the more national and universal their support, the better it will be for the economic well-being of the nation.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

(*This is the fourth in a series of articles, of which the fifth will appear in an early issue.*)

Brother Charley Bryan

IT was his only possible name. You'll search your American politics in vain for another hero so distinctively and exclusively, in the years of his political adolescence, a brother.

So bottomless was the obscurity of his brotherly proximity to greatness that Charles W. Bryan was long in winning identity even as a brother. He had been a tobacco broker in Omaha with a desk in a cigar store. He came to Lincoln shortly after the First Battle (1896) as a sort of secretary to his big brother, then the Boy Orator. After the Second Battle (1900) the papers said the brother of Mr. Bryan was to be business manager of the weekly which The Commoner was then starting. If the environing natives noticed this, they proceeded to forget it. In that day W. J. Bryan filled the earth, air and sky of Nebraska. There was no room in the sun for a second member of the family.

The Democratic party in Nebraska consisted at that time of W. J. Bryan and his worshippers. Next the throne stood a band of lieutenants whose only ambition was to do his will. The teeth of J. Sterling Norton and the rest of the hard-boiled, hard-money Democratic leaders who had sought to block the Bryan kicks had been broken. Great was Bryan and the apostles at his right and left hands were his prophets. They went adoringly into the ditch with him against Alton B. Parker in 1904. As 1908 and its Bryan recrudescence appeared, they prepared to mount the skies in his company.

The balloon rose, but the disciples were not aboard. While they had slept, another had been working upward through the night. The Denver convention elected W. J. Bryan to wage his third battle and the word filtered back to Lincoln that the real manager of this result had been the big man's little brother. Thus emerged at last, albeit only as a relative, Brother Charles. From that day callers at the office of the Commoner heard of William J. Bryan as "we." The firm of Bryan and Company, with its multitude of little stockholders, had been condensed into the close corporation of Bryan and Brothers.

More than a decade must pass before his neighbors grant Brother Charley aught but a relative, reflected identity. But from the time in 1908 when he gained his first visible toe-hold, his shadow grew apace. As early as 1910, only two years after the reorganization of the firm, a harvest was reaped which might pass as the turning point to our whole story.

It is perhaps not generally remembered that the well-known Bryan "dry" principles date no farther back than that last presidential campaign of Mr. Bryan's. He had opposed a prohibition amendment in 1890, but from that time forth had refused to let the liquor issue, always uppermost in those days in Nebraska, interfere with the great political and economic reforms to which he was devoted.

After the election of 1908 Mr. Bryan became a crusading dry. In this campaign the liquor men had thrown their favor to Taft. Whether on this or some other account his eyes were now opened to the evils of liquor in politics and Mr. Bryan came out for county option, the favored measure of the Nebraska drys at the period. He went to his party's state convention in 1910 with a county option plank for the platform. The convention smote it and him hip and thigh. It did it joyously, murderously, and many of the old disciples helped.

The disciples blamed their own apostasy and their old leader's undoing to Brother Charley. In the good old times, they said, it would have been different. "W. J.," on receiving his new revelation on the liquor question, would have called in the disciples and stated the case. He would have said: "I go forth to slay the dragon. Go you with me?"

And they would either have sprung to arms with him or talked him out of the fight.

But now Mr. Bryan had been insulated away from his disciples by the untiring, enveloping Brother Charles. The magnet had lost its pull. Brother Charley, it chanced, had little personal magnetism of his own to take the place of the insulated attraction. The lieutenants had fallen away. All unknown to himself, Mr. Bryan had charged the enemy without an army at his back. Hence the lost county option plank, the unhorsed leader.

It was a patricidal blow. For twenty years W. J. Bryan had kept the Nebraska Democrats on the map. Now, as far as they were able, they had

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wiped him off the map. Soon Mrs. Bryan's health called Mr. Bryan to milder climes. He retained a nominal residence in Nebraska for some years more, but never again really lived there. Fairview became in time a Methodist hospital.

Whatever the innocent agency of Brother Charles in this epochal transaction, it opened the door of destiny for him. The brotherly shadow in which he had been so long dwarfed was withdrawn. As local vicegerent for The Commoner, who still held an important following among the rank and file, he held a position of vantage in his brother's right. In his brother's absence he could administer that influence in his own way and add to it by his own now free powers.

A new city charter was to be voted upon. The local municipal ownership league was called in session to pass on its public utility provisions. League members had helped draft the charter and favored its approval. In advance of the meeting came from the Bryan office a denunciation of the charter as a creation of the corporations and the interests. To the meeting came Brother Charles and a retinue of Bryan followers and the charter was voted down. Its friends said Charley had packed the meeting. The league died of that night's fight. But the town had been given to know that there were now two Bryans, not merely one and his brother.

Brother Charley's large, well-balanced frame, his genial face and friendly eyes, and most particularly his crowning skull-cap now grew familiar to Lincoln streets and to the bottle pool section of the Chamber of Commerce billiard room. He never had the political sympathy of the chamber. His frequent verbal forays against the corporations and the interests irritated his playmates there. But his good nature disarmed them. He was received finally as one of the real fellows of the bottle pool bunch. They were glad to play with him. They were glad to do anything but be caught tête-à-tête with him. This brings us to a characteristic which early distinguished Brother Charley to his neighbors.

He was, to speak in radio parlance, a sending station only. Mr. Bryan was democratically ready to talk to anybody. He was the easiest man in town to be talked to by, the hardest to interrupt. There was a story of an Omaha follower who called Brother Charley over the telephone and was bankrupted by the tolls before he could get the conversation stopped. That was undoubtedly a campaign canard, but Brother Charley's neighbors never considered it inherently improbable.

This reputation for a tireless tongue accounts for such humor as attached to the Brother Charley name. The local political activities with which he introduced himself as himself to the community were by most of his neighbors gratefully received. One criticism did develop, and that among his early supporters.

A legislature passed an act inimical to the direct primary system. A meeting was called to consider the form of a referendum action against the measure. As in the charter case, Brother Charley announced his decision in advance. He came to the meeting with a flock of his followers and after a fight instead of the intended consultation, his numbers prevailed. The other side said he had packed the meeting; that he was trying to bend the referendum movement to political ends of his own. The referendum movement was later carried through by other agencies, but this one died on the spot.

Through such incidents the idea spread that Brother Charles was a man nobody could work with. He either ruled or ruined any movement with which he connected himself. In whatsoever altruistic enterprise he might be joined, he was always looking for political capital for himself. An editor of a progressive weekly newspaper tried vainly to work in political harness with him and printed that Brother Charley was the most selfish political personage it had ever been his lot to encounter.

However those things were, men of leadership quality became rare in Br. Bryan's vicinity. His ultimate political associates were persons content to be doorkeepers in the Bryan temple, too weak or humble to assert an opinion or plot a course of their own.

Despite all this evidence of individual importance in Brother Charles, his neighbors tended still to view him lightly as a mere lean-to of the house of Bryan. They were soon to be disillusioned. In 1917 Brother Charles announced that Lincoln must be redeemed from the corporations and the interests which beset it and to that end he ran for mayor. The neighbors smiled. The politicians, viewing him as a hopeless disorganizer, tittered. They had yet to learn that some generals can win political battles without colonels.

Lincoln had been lawing vainly for ten or fifteen years for dollar gas. The gas company was highly unpopular. Against it Brother Charley directed his attack. Before the campaign ended the gas company put the dollar rate into effect. Bryan claimed the credit. The people granted it, and he was elected. He served two uneventful years as mayor and retired. His opponents said that was because he knew he could not be reëlected. They had to concede that it takes a smart man to know when he can't be elected. Two years later Omaha had a municipal ice plant selling ice below Lincoln prices. An Omaha councilman had started a municipal coal yard. Public sentiment was running high against profiteers. Mr. Bryan said Lincoln must have a municipal ice plant, too, and came out for councilman. Lincoln ice prices fell to the Omaha level. Bryan was elected. He established a municipal coal yard. The state was sensitive about coal prices just then. It began to hear from Brother Charley and to talk about him. Brother Charley was never the man to park his candle under a bushel.

Once before he had tried for a nomination for

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governor. Knowing him only as an assistant Bryan, the voters gave him small encouragement. This municipal coal warmed them up. Brother Charley came out for governor again. Already in the field was John Norton, of Brother Charley's own faction. A delegation of three anxious women, followers of his, asked Mr. Bryan to withdraw. He would split the dry vote, they told him, and cause the nomination of the candidate of the Hitchcock wet Democrats. He didn't want to run, Mr. Bryan told the ladies. He was doing it purely from a sense of duty. A leader of the Hitchcock faction was out for Norton. It wouldn't do to have a candidate beholden to that element. Shortly thereafter a "harmony slate" was announced. It consisted of Brother Charley for governor and Mr. Hitchcock for senator. It swept the primaries. The three women are still rubbing their politically amateurish eyes.

That harmony slate and its upshot in the primairies and the ensuing election campaign was the end of the brother business. That was 1922 with its deflated farmer and its still inflated taxes. William J. Bryan had been running for office on eloquent general principles and getting only Chautauqua engagements. Emerges now a Bryan who "does things." Charles had reduced gas and won one election. He had reduced ice and won another. Now he would reduce taxes. His campaign picture listed on its margin as things accomplished by him most of the luck which had come to the community in the last twenty years. There were listed further not less than thirteen other Herculean labors which this doer would perform if given the chance. He would reduce taxes fabulously. He would abolish regiments of useless public employes. The despairing farmers saw salvation descending from Brother Charles like a dove. Back in his old home making speeches for Brother Charley, W. J. Bryan prophesied that the tables were to be turned. Instead of Mr. Bryan and Brother Charley it was soon to be Governor Bryan and Brother William. By a large majority it was so ordered.

The few remaining doubting Thomases said Charles would have a great fall when he was inaugurated and these promissory notes fell due. They simply could not sense the political dimensions of this long belittled brother. When any promise failed, it turned out to be the fault of the Republican legislature. The Governor changed the subject, moreover, with a state coal "yard" and was renominated unanimously. Then came the oil men fatuously furnishing him further opportunity. In the summer of 1923 there was a great break in gasoline prices in all the West. The Governor was out of the state when the break was started by the governor of South Dakota. He hurried back, telegraphed Standard Oil to cut its tumbling prices or take the consequences, and claimed the drop for his own. Only those with the more determined will to believe could agree with the Governor at this point. But in 1924 the oil men again ran out of bounds. This time the Governor was at home. He called for cheaper "gas." While the oil men hesitated, the Governor established a filling station of his own and set off for New York and the vice-presidency with his governorship cinched.

By this cash-and-carry politics Mr. Bryan had made rings around the orthodox politicians. He had tapped a new, rich bed of political ore. With transcendent effect he capitalized the highly developed hostility of the consuming masses to the syndicated distributing classes. With a skill which they never attained he turned the full dinner-pail argument against its inventors. He did not reason with the voter. He told him to feel in his pocket the half dollar he claimed to have saved him on his last tankful of "gas," his last ice ticket. It worked. Charles did not invent this system. He is not an inventor. No dreamer, no radical, he, but a man who amasses votes with the realistic earnestness of a captain of finance gathering dollars.

His opponents claimed that he was unscrupulous in his pursuit of votes. In his promises and in his claims, they said with names and dates, he had no regard for facts. The Hitchcock side of the harmony firm of 1922 said he double-crossed his partners. The answer was that however unscrupulous in getting into office, once in office he was honest. There the line stood. As governor Mr. Bryan made some sacrifice of the public interest to the little group of faithful servitors who had done his political errands. Beyond that his appointments were creditable. As an administrator he was up to the average Nebraskan governors. Always playing politics he seemed able to do with a minimum of damage to the public service. Those near him were rasped by his egotism, his extraordinary claims, his ceaseless talk. Those distant saw that his politics, be it demagoguery, or be it not, played into their pockets and swore by him.

Nebraska votes this year on a radical political departure, a constitutional amendment to take state and local elections out of national politics. It is backed by independents and progressives. Senator Norris is for it. A promoter of the amendment, a man shrewd in politics, was urged to see the Governor and enlist his support, or at least his silence.

"The Governor is very conservative," this man answered. "It won't do to broach the measure to him till we can prove that everybody is for it."

This might be called the near view of Mr. Bryan.

When his last municipal campaign was on, the champion of cheap ice was delivering an address to an acquaintance on the street. An old Negro approached and stood respectfully near. "Do you want to speak to Mr. Bryan?" asked his friend.

"No, sah," replied the colored man. "I just wanted to heah Mr. Bryan speak. I just wanted to listen to the tones of his voice."

This may be called the distant view.

WALTER LOCKE.

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Madame de Sévigné's Cousin

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ was one of those chosen beings in whom the forces of life are so abundant and so glorious that they overflow in every direction and invest whatever they meet with the virtue of their own vitality. She was the sun of a whole system, which lived in her light—which lives still for us with a kind of reflected immortality. We can watch—with what a marvellous distinctness!—the planets revolving through that radiance—the greater and the less, and the subordinate moons and dimmest asteroids—from Madame de Grignan herself to the dancing gypsies at Vichy. But then, when the central luminary is withdrawn, what an incredible convulsion! All vanish; we are dimly aware for a little of some obscure shapes moving through strange orbits; and after that there is only darkness.

Emmanuel de Coulanges, for instance. He lived a long life, filled his own place in the world, married, travelled, had his failures and his successes . . . but all those happenings were mere phenomena; the only reality about him lay in one thing—he was Madame de Sévigné's cousin. He was born when she was seven years old, and he never knew a time when he had not loved her. She had petted the little creature when it was a baby, and she had gone on petting it all her life. He had not been quite an ordinary child: he had had strange fancies. There was a fairy, called Cafut, so he declared, to whom he was devoted; this was not approved of—it looked like incipient madness; and several whippings had to be administered before Cafut was exorcised. In reality, no one could have been saner than the little Emmanuel; but he had ways of amusing himself which seemed unaccountable to the grandly positive generation into which he had been born. There was something about him which made him no fit contemporary of Bossuet. Madame de Sévigné, so completely, so magnificently, a child of her age, while she loved him, could never take him quite seriously. In her eyes, though he might grow old, he could not grow up. At the age of sixty, white-haired and gouty, he remained for her what, in fact, his tiny pink-cheeked rotundity suggested—an infant still. She found him adorable and unimportant. Even his sins—and in those days sins were serious—might, somehow or other, be disregarded; and besides, she observed that he had only one—it was gaudeamus; she scolded him with a smile. It was delightful to have anything to do with him—to talk with him, to laugh at him, to write to him. "Le style q'on a en lui écrivant," she said, "ressemble à la joie et à la santé." It was true; and some of her most famous, some of her most delicious and life-scattering letters were written to her cousin Coulanges.

He married well—a lady who was related to the great Louvois; but the connection did him little good in the world. For a moment, indeed, an important public office was dangled before his eyes; but it was snapped up by somebody else, and Coulanges, after a few days of disappointment, consoled himself easily enough—with a song. He was very fond of songs, composing them with elegant rapidity to the popular airs of the day; every circumstance of his existence, however grave or however trivial—a journey, a joke, the world's cruelties, his wife's infidelities—he rigged them all out in the bows and ribbons of his little rhymes. His wife was pretty, gay, fashionable, and noted for her epigrams. Her adorers were numerous: there was the Comte de Brancas, famous—immortal, even, as he has his niche in La Bruyère's gallery—for his absentmindedness; there was the Abbé Têtu, remarkable for two things—for remaining the friend both of Madame de Montespan and of Madame de Maintenon, and for being the first person who was ever afflicted by the vapours; and there was the victorious—the scandalously victorious—Marquis de la Trousse. Decidedly the lady was gay—too gay to be quite to the taste of Madame de Sévigné, who declared that she was a leaf fluttering in the wind. "Cette feuille," she said, "est la plus frivole et la plus légère marchandise que vous ayez jamais vue." But Coulanges was indifferent to her lightness; what he did feel was her inordinate success at Court. There she gadded, in a blaze of popularity, launching her epigrams and hobnobbing with Madame de Maintenon; he was out of it; and he was growing old, and the gout attacked him in horrid spasms. At times he was almost sad.

Then, gradually and for no apparent reason, there was a change. What was it? Was the world itself changing? Was one age going out and another coming in? From about the year 1690 onwards, one begins to discern the first signs of the petrifaction, the rigor mortis of the great epoch of Louis XIV.; one begins to detect, more and more clearly in the circumambient atmosphere, the scent and savor of the eighteenth century. Already there had been symptoms—there had been the fairy Cafut, and the Abbé Têtu's vapours. But now there could be no more doubt about it; the new strange tide was flowing steadily in. And upon it was wafted the cockleshell of Coulanges. At fifty-seven, he found that he had come into his own. No longer was he out of it—far from it: his was now the popularity, the inordinate success. He was asked everywhere, and he always fitted in. His songs particularly, his frivolous neat little songs, became the rage; they flew from mouth to mouth; and the young people, at all the fashionable parties, danced as they sang them. At last they were collected by some busybody and printed, to his fury and delight;

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and his celebrity was redoubled. At the same time a wonderful rejuvenation came upon him; he seemed to grow younger daily; he drank, he guzzled, with astonishing impunity; there must have been a mistake, he said, in his birth certificate—it was ante-dated at least twenty years. As for his gout, it had gone for ever; he had drowned it by bathing, when he was over sixty, all one summer in the Seine. Madame de Sévigné could only be delighted. She had given a great deal of thought to the matter, she told him, and she had come to the conclusion that he was the happiest man in the world. Probably she was right—she almost always was. But, oddly enough, while Coulanges was undergoing this transformation, a precisely contrary one had befallen his wife. She had, in sober truth, grown old—old, and disillusioned, and serious. She could bear the Court no longer—she despised it; she wavered between piety and stoicism; quietly, persistently, she withdrew into herself. Madame de Sévigné, philosophizing and quoting La Fontaine, found—it was surprising—that she admired her—the poor brown leaf; and, on her side, Madame de Coulanges grew more and more devoted to Madame de Sévigné. Her husband mildly amused her. As she watched him flying from country house to country house, she suggested that it would save time and trouble if he lived in a swing, so that he might whirl backwards and forwards for the rest of his days, without ever having to touch the earth again. "C'est toujours son plaisir qui le gouverne," she observed, with an ironical smile; "et il est heureux: en faut-il davantage?" Apparently not. Coulanges, adored by beautiful young Duchesses, disputed over by enormously wealthy dowagers, had nothing left to wish for. The gorgeous Cardinal de Bouillon took him up—so did the Duc de Bouillon, and the Chevalier—all the Bouillons, in fact; it was a delightful family. The Cardinal carried him off to his country palace, where there was music all day long, and the servants had the air of noblemen, and the ragouts reached a height of ecstatic piquancy—ragouts from every country in Europe, it seemed—how they understood each other when they came together on his plate, he had no idea—but no matter; he ate them all.

In the midst of this, the inevitable and the unimaginable happened: Madame de Sévigné died. The source of order, light, and heat was no more; the reign of Chaos and Old Night descended. One catches a hurried vision of Madame de Grignan, pale as death, elaborating sentences of grief; and then she herself and all her belongings—her husband, her son, her castle, with its terraces and towers, its canons, its violins, its mistral, its hundred guests—are utterly abolished. For a little longer, through a dim penumbra, Coulanges and his wife remain just possible. She was struck down—overwhelmed with grief and horror. Was it possible, was it really possible, that Madame de Sévigné was dead? She could hardly believe it. It was a reversal of nature. Surely it could not be. She sat alone, considering life and death, silent, harrowed, and sceptical, while her husband—ah! even her husband felt this blow. The little man wrote a piteous letter to Madame de Grignan's daughter, young Madame de Simiane, and tears blotted the page. He was only a shadow now—all too well he knew it; and yet even shadows must obey the law of their being. In a few weeks he wrote to Madame de Simiane again; he was more cheerful; he was staying with Madame de Louvois in her house at Choisy, a truly delicious abode; but Madame de Simiane must not imagine that he did not pass many moments, in spite of all the company, in sad remembrance of his friend. A few weeks more, and he was dancing; the young people danced, and why should not he, who was as young as the youngest? All the Bouillons were in the house. The jigging vision grows fainter; but a few years later one sees him at the height of his felicity, having been provided by one of his kind friends with a room in the Palace at Versailles. More years pass, he is very old, he is very poor, but what does it matter?

> Je connais de plus en plus
> En faisant très grande chère,
> Qu'un estomac qui digère
> Vaut plus de cent mille écus.

On his seventy-sixth birthday he sings and dances, and looks forward to being a hundred without any difficulty at all. Then he eats and drinks, and sings and dances again. And so he disappears.

But Madame de Coulanges, ever sadder and more solitary, stayed in her room, thinking, hour after hour, over the fire. The world was nothing to her; success and happiness nothing; heaven itself nothing. She pulled her long fur-trimmed taffeta gown more closely round her, and pushed about the embers, wondering, for the thousandth time, whether it was really possible that Madame de Sévigné was dead?

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Poem to Another Lover

Always in the beginning I fill his hands
With beauty, press beauty upon his face.
Always the color of my own great passion
Deceives me for a space.

Always I forget that a certain body
As frail as mine, and a certain fallible breath
Are all that I have of love, and that these are subject
To grief and change and death.

The decay of love is no strange thing to me surely,
Yet here I sit half the black night weeping alone.
Fool, that must learn for each love the same bitter lesson!
There is no love but my own.

MARGARET LARKIN.

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Our Professional Patriots

VII. Better Americans in California

SPIRITUAL suckers really get a run for their money in southern California: Los Angeles is the happy hunting ground of the spiritual grafter. You know the setting—the "garden spot of the world," where verdure is a whiskered, blighted deodar; where the modest violet blooms despairingly as the arid least it can do for the irrigation ditches which surround it; where every home is a bungalow and every bungalow a peanut brittle defamation of the Mission Fathers; where Babbitt lives in retirement with a spare room for rent to Babbitt on a winter holiday; where meanness is made more hideous by bumptiousness and business depressions such as affect mortal communities are unknown or, at least, unadmitted; where racing cars and movie stars and faith healers and crystal gazers and oil magnates vie with the oranges for biggerness and betterness; where, by publicly advertised command, you "bury your loved ones in the cemetery unusual." I contend that any city which boasts a "cemetery unusual" must be just the ideal spot for patriots and so Los Angeles is. Also I trust that the spirit of hate in which this paragraph is written does not wholly escape the reader's attention.

The Better America Federation—a Los Angeles institution as ever was—stands abreast the livest standards of its native city and, in liveness and absurdity, stands above any other patriotic institution in the country. Its rousing offices leave the others of Ralph Easley and Company in the class of summer hotels during the winter season. The Better Americans display a whole floor of stenographers clicking out circular thrillers for the edification of not quite good enough Americans who have a timid streak and $10.00 to spare. There is a waiting room piled high with devastating literature, partly Better American and partly assorted with the American Defense Society generously represented, and there is a weekly news letter with quotations from the Federalist and the daily press and such revolutionary playboys as the contributors to the Worker and Industrial Solidarity.

A wizened one, named Joplin (Jo. S.), sits there, high over the City of the Angels and pounds his desk and compresses his lips and reads all the more dangerous radical publications (including this one) and tells you that "it is all part of the same game." And he is vicar, only, for the great beyond which is one Haldeman, who only shows himself to the elect. They are holy, these Better Americans: not even Ralph Easley himself is admitted to their company.

"Who is Ralph Easley's best friend?" Mr. Jo. S. Joplin asked me. "Sam Gompers is and that's enough for us!" Which isn't so surprising in Los Angeles.

They boast of their undercover agents, do the Better Americans, and set great store by their espionage reports, whereby hangs a little story not without its general bearing on militant patriotism. It is the story of a certain liberal preacher who is also a lecturer at the University of Southern California. This gentleman had occasion to make a speech in Pasadena. Having made the speech he was, in a manner, called to account for his utterances. An administrator of the university handed him a transcript to read of very wildly radical remarks attributed to him by the Better Americans and forwarded by them to his superiors with advice that appropriate action be taken. The lecturer read the transcript in considerable dismay and some horror. The administration then handed him a second document, saying: "Here is the speech you really made. We had reason to believe that the Better Americans would be after you and we sent our own stenographer to protect both you and ourselves."

Like all good patriots they are simply hell on schools. I have a file of correspondence between them and Mr. Will C. Wood, the Californian superintendent of public instruction for whose Communist patience my admiration knows no bounds. That he is a Communist tried and true there can be not the least doubt because he very effectively bucked the Better Americans in a plan to circulate their literature through the schools of the state. A pamphlet, America Is Calling, was to be placed in every school child's hand and a book, Vanishing Landmarks, in the hands of every teacher of school children and there was to be a kind of Lusk law, to boot. The Lusk law failed to pass and Mr. Woods bucked America Is Calling, and as to Vanishing Landmarks, when the Better Americans set out to raise enough money for its free circulation, their campaign netted the exact sum of $5.00 each. Since that time they have been busy writing several thousand letters about a small boy who was given a copy of Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel, The Jungle.

From one of the Better American letters, I quote:

> . . . The parents of this state will appreciate knowing your position with reference to these two magazines, and again I ask—Do you approve of the Nation and the New Republic as magazines fit for circulation in the schools of this state? Is your board making the same effort to bar these magazines as it made to bar our pamphlet, America Is Calling?

The last I heard, the New Republic and the

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Nation were still barred from the schools of Los Angeles if not from the unregenerate schools of the rest of the state, and the Better Americans had just uncovered a copy of one of Mr. Sinclair's books in a public library of which, up to that moment, nobody had had a single Communistic suspicion. As Mr. Jo. S. Joplin said: "I don't want you to think that this is an innocuous organization. We are getting results all right."

Then there's the speakers' bureau. "Write early for your bookings as we cannot accommodate everybody." California has always been a little country by itself and the Better Americans undertake to do everything for its orthodox patriotic welfare. Miss Hermine Schwed, authoress of Confessions of an Erstwhile Parlor Socialist, was the star speaker of last spring's triumphal tour. I have a report of one of her best. It deals with boring-from-within as practised by modern novelists and playwrights. Main Street, for example, both the novel and the motion picture, "created a distaste for the conventional good life of the American!" Bad as it is, however, Babbitt is many times worse "as it is so poisonously subtle."

> Propaganda in the sense that we dislike it is the message that is gotten by between the lines and secretly. When Babbitt was a respectable citizen, true to his wife, a regular attendant at church, a member of the Rotary Club, the author made him out a smug, dull, colorless, uninteresting man. But as soon as he went philandering, became irreligious and broke loose from all civic pride as a Rotarian, the author painted him as a fascinating man.

Miss Schwed distributes her anathemas over several authors: Floyd Dell, "rotten with delicately concealed radicalism;" George Bernard Shaw, "particularly in Heartbreak House;" H. G. Wells, "in all his novels;" John Dewey and James Harvey Robinson, "the most dangerous to young people." And of Communistic boring-from-within via the stage, anathema to Liliom, R. U. R., Anna Christie and—oh, marvellous!—The Fool. Then, to conclude, "Charlie Chaplin is the most dangerous propagandist of Socialism in the motion picture world."

But if I make the Better America Federation appear wholly innocuous, I defeat my own purpose as well as Mr. Jo. S. Joplin's, and I do likewise misrepresent the facts of the case. For the facts are anything but innocuous. During the past thirty years the business interests of southern California have utilized the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles to maintain the famous Los Angeles open shop from which all blessings flow. Any employer who dared to sign a union agreement, found his credit cut off and himself denounced as an enemy of industrial progress and of civic prosperity. The M. and M., as it is affectionately called, found its hands full, what with its anti-picketing ordinances and all, and the Better America Federation came out of its need for an aggressive propaganda agency in the political publicity field. It was created as a southern California response to the Johnson progressivism which gave California a good many things that it needed.

A good many of those good things, the Better America Federation has, directly and indirectly, managed to undo. The Better America Federation, and various of its anomalous and anonymous subsidiary committees, has been credited with the control of twenty-two members of the state legislature. It is also credited with much of the pull which elected the present conservative administration on its economy program of abolition of as many as possible of the works of Johnson and his successor. It is further credited with the statement: "California was better off under the domination of the Southern Pacific Railroad than it has been since the progressives broke that domination." It is loud in denouncing those enemies of constitutional government, the initiative, referendum and recall. "Back to the Republic!" it cries, demonstrating the republic to be the golden mean between autocracy and democracy, between coercion and anarchy, between tryanny and demagogy.

The Better American gives his love of country widest expression in a little twelve page booklet which he issued first some years ago as an attack upon the building ambitions of the Los Angeles Y. W. C. A. He has since reaffirmed the wisdom of that booklet. It is called A Brief Outline of Arguments against the Program for Industrial Reforms Which Is Being Submitted to Various Social and Industrial Organizations—a long title for twelve pages, but worthily descriptive.

The foreword is reprinted from Mr. Henry Harrison Lewis's magazine, Industrial Progress, (Mr. Lewis is the same who discovered "Liberalism to be a new name for an old menace"):

> Certain religious, social and fraternal organizations are at the present time formulating and presenting with their endorsement plans for so-called industrial reconstruction . . . Business men, leaders in commerce who may be affected by these plans, are not consulted, but they are asked to contribute toward the up-keep of the organizations favoring them.

For example, again, Child Labor, as the Better Americans look at its pros and cons:

> . . . There is no practical wisdom in extending their school period . . . As a matter of fact it is unwise and results frequently in a handicap rather than an advantage to their future advance . . . This, of course, sounds heretical . . . But it can be demonstrated to be true . . .
>
> As to minors, no man or woman who loves his or her children, or who loves children of others, wants them compelled to work nights or any other time, for that matter, until they have passed the age of physical minority. Nor after that at nights if they work day times; and then only from the spur of poverty or distress.

I find that argument a little hard to follow and

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pass on to the Better American view of the minimum wage:

> This is largely an economic question. In practice a minimum wage, as meant by organized labor, is really a maximum wage. The labor organizations recognize this and it cannot possibly work in any other way where trade unionism prevails.

That too puzzles me. But I know that Los Angeles has nothing to fear, either from the minimum wage or from collective bargaining as per:

> They already have this right, that is fundamental, but what evidently is meant is the denial of the right of the employer to say who he will or will not recognize as representatives; and the denial of the right of the employer to refuse to bargain collectively if he chooses to do so.

The comment on the eight hour law, the forty-four hour week and the weekly day of rest is:

> This is an economic question. It is also a question of the "larger leisure." The question of the "larger leisure" is both a civic and a moral one... An investigation made in the large manufacturing districts in the East as to the manner in which the greater leisure operated, developed the fact that it was detrimental to the morals, efficiency and general morale, and was productive of the usual results of idle hours. Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do, and, not merely mischief, but, unquestionably, evil... One day's rest in seven is right not only on physical but on moral grounds.

The little booklet served its initial purpose and the Y. W. C. A. never did get its new building. Afterwards, when the Better Americans took the patriotic side in a fight to improve the Los Angeles school system, Dr. John R. Haynes, a regent of the State University, had the booklet reprinted and circulated at his own expense. It proved an effective weapon against the Better American stand but not quite effective enough to win the battle for the schools.

But I don't want you to think that Better Americans stop with propaganda, however effective. Said a director of the Federation:

> The biggest thing that the Better America Federation has done is to get the Criminal Syndicalism Act on the books and to keep it there against the efforts of those who are trying to repeal it... After the War we all took out bomb and riot insurance, but the best bomb and riot insurance is a membership in the Better America Federation.

I don't know how much you know about the Criminal Syndicalist Act in California, but this boast *is* a boast and if the Better Americans have won the criminal syndicalist struggle single-handed they have quite a little to answer for to all other Americans except patriots. When I was last in California, one hundred men were serving indeterminate sentences of from four to fourteen years, convicted in batches, for violation of the Criminal Syndicalist Act by membership in the I. W. W. A majority of them are American born, non-agitating workers and more than half of them were convicted in Los Angeles. Not one of them was ever charged with any overt act such as sabotage or arson. Not one of them is even accused of inciting to violence. The process of convicting them was a process of proving their membership in an organization which does not conform to the Better American ideals of Americanism. The process of proving that the I. W. W. is "a conspiracy to violate the Criminal Syndicalist Act" amounts to just that. Other states have scrapped their criminal syndicalist acts or given over enforcing them. San Francisco has always refused to invoke the act, but San Francisco has also refused to tolerate Better Americans.

Two gentlemen known as Dymond and Coutts, also known as stool pigeons, also known as agents provocateurs, have been the star witnesses of patriotism in these prosecutions. They joined the I. W. W. in 1917 (California's patriotic way while the inimitable Carlton Parker was keeping peace in the Northwest) and first disclosed themselves in 1918 when their testimony sent forty members of the I. W. W. to Leavenworth under the Espionage Act. The President has since pardoned those forty, but the hundred residents of the Californian penitentiaries remain in residence. During the whole six years since Coutts and Dymond gathered their evidence, they have been sent patriotically trapsing about the state, appearing here and there and gaining convictions for the patriotic cause with old testimony and old literature and a complete disregard of the reorganization and re-direction of I. W. W.'ism. So complete and so successful has been this disregard that those two and their California patriot impellers will have almost all the credit for whatever revolutionary doctrine the I. W. W. may now or later promulgate. Most of the men convicted as members of the I. W. W. joined the organization since it abandoned its former sabotage program.

This, to my mind, constitutes the crowning, concrete infamy of the militant patriotism and my real reason for giving these Better Americans these pages of publicity. I am glad, for the remainder of the country, that Los Angeles evoked and bred them. My sentiments toward Los Angeles may have been gathered during the course of this article. They cannot be shaken: I was there when the angels turned out to welcome Fatty Arbuckle home from envious cruelties of the San Franciscans who tried, through trying him, to defame their southern rivals. A people is best expressed in the institutions which embody its faith and Better America embodies the faith of Los Angeles. In 1920 they voted Mr. Haldeman, the Better American president, the most useful citizen of the city for the year. They presented him with a gold watch.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(*This is the seventh in a series of articles, of which the eighth will appear in an early issue.*)

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Second Fiddlers Three

MR. BINNS was speaking—Oscar Binns who is connected matrimonially with Woppington's finest laundress and who therefore brings to the discussion of our national problems a leisurely and contemplative mind.

"So as I see it, Elmer," Mr. Binns concluded, "the great question before the American people today is whether we are to have slow and orderly progress under the law or chaos."

"I can't trail along with you on that, Oscar," the newsdealer replied. "Let me put you hep to the fall styles in politics. The great question before the American people today is who is going to be elected Vice-President."

"Surely you can't be serious. I like a joke as well as anybody but—"

"That's old stuff, Oscar; they've rung the bell on that one. The Vice-Presidency was a little joker the fun-loving old boys slipped into the pack when they doped out the Constitution and Bylaws and it certainly was wow comedy while it lasted. Not counting mother-in-laws, nothing has cracked as many American ribs as the Vice-Presidency. We kept our faces ready for it. If a guy ran for President and fell down, the delegates shrieked with laughter and wished the booby prize on him. When a politician didn't misbehave himself properly, the big sneezes got together and sentenced him to the vice-presidential chair. The V. P. wheeze saved many a deserving vaudeville actor from getting the hook and put shoes and stockings on the little toddling feet of the jokesmiths' kids."

"I still do not get your point," said the Vice-President of the Binns family.

"You're living in the jolly old past. You're thinking of Fairbanks cocktails and Tom Marshall's five cent cigars. It's serious now. The candidates for Vice-President are hogging the spotlight. The three second fiddlers are the big noise.

"Take the G. O. P.'s—that's one party that is putting the spare tire before the radiator. There sits Calvin not saying anything, especially when he talks. They tried to tell him it was campaign year but nothing doing. By the way, Oscar, there was a wiz of a Vice-President. They say it was a treat to see him do his stuff—a natural Vice-President, what I mean.

"So who is it that is out among the wide open faces ringing the dumb-bells? Dawes, the demon shockputter, the human adding machine, the bean-spiller, the roto-section pipe-hitter. Coolidge wouldn't come out on either side of the Klan question; very well, Dawes came out on both sides. Who rushed into Wisconsin and told the snickering Badgers that La Follette is the enemy of free speech? Little bright-eyes. Who saves the Constitution every day from nitwits and peewees? Hell an' Maria. The attaboys they have handed the General would bring a royal flush to the map of the Prince of Wales.

"And as for the scoff-Dawes—Zowie! They've proved that he has spent all his spare time hating labor unions. They've dug into his bankerish past and showed how he helped Lorimer gyp the depositors. 'Dawes plan?' they yammer. 'Don't make me laugh. Young did all the work and Dawes did all the honking.'

"When it comes to noise, Charley Bryan hasn't got the class, but take it from the Republican dope sheets, he's the real villain of this piece. They're all trying to make a monkey out of Brother Charley and monkeys are nix in the Bryan family.

"When you get to the third party there's a little more of the same. You couldn't call La Follette a shrinking violet and make it stick, but a man that's been in the big time as long as he has can't get the old soup-bone warmed up the first week. But this young Wheeler is fresh from the bushes and they tell me he's one hard-boiled guy. Harry Daugherty came out from under the woodshed and made some dirty cracks at him. If I was running for something, I'd get Daugherty for my intimate enemy if I had to pay him by the week."

"So you think the Vice-Presidency is increasing in prestige?"

"No, Oscar, there's a catch in it. Nobody'd work that hard for four years in the poison gas works—not with Presidents running as husky as this bunch. The big idea is that these six second-stringers are trying to jimmy their way into the White House by the alley door."

"Six?"

"Yes, Oscar, we are six. If the raw, raw boys of the Electoral College can't pick a winner the deal passes to the House. They chew each other's ears till March 4, see? and fail to deliver. Then the Senate takes the two top-notchers of these V. P. Barkises and finds the right answer."

The door opened to admit a salesman for the Ajax Cigar Company.

"This is all very interesting," said Mr. Binns, "but I must be going. My engagements—"

The newsdealer greeted the drummer as follows:

"Joe, do you know who just went out?"

"All right, Elmer. I'll bite."

"That's Horace Q. Peters, the man who ran for Vice-President with Cox four years ago."

"Oh, is that what's the matter with him," said Joe. "I thought maybe his mother-in-law was visiting him or something."

"After all," said Elmer, "we must never lose our nerve. A joke may be down, but it's never out."

FELIX RAY.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Sociology and Political Theory

SIR: Dr. Mott's review of my Sociology and Political Theory was both generous and judicious, and had the virtue of emphasizing just those aspects of the present problems of political science and sociology that I believe to be of the greatest significance. I should not care to complain about it were it not for an amazing misstatement of fact which, if unchallenged, would constitute a serious reflection upon the completeness and adequacy of the book. He asserts that I have practically ignored political science, and attempts to substantiate this statement by alleging that I mentioned but five political scientists in the whole course of the work—Hamilton, Burgess, Beard, Merriam and one other not designated by him. The book is, of course, an account of sociology and not of political scientists, and it would not have been essential for me to have devoted much attention to political scientists. I did, however, make an effort to go out of my way to be fair to political scientists by citing the contributions made by leading representatives from Aristotle to the present. In the period between Rousseau and Burgess the reader will find, not merely Alexander Hamilton, but Godwin, Kant, Jefferson, Hall, John Adams, Madison, Webster, Calhoun, DeTocqueville, Hegel, Cobden, Bentham, Austin, the Ricardian Socialists, Carlyle, Ritter, Ratzel, Marx, Maine, Lecky, Treitschke and Neitzsche. And the list of modern political scientists includes, in addition to Beard and Merriam: Gierke, Bryce, Goodnow, H. J. Ford, Duguit, Freund, Laband, Jellinek, Willoughby, Laski, Krabbe, Mallock, Faguet, Powell, Pound, Jenks, Garner, Coker, Figgis, Cole, LePrins, Benoist, Miss Follett and others. How Dr. Mott could have seized upon Hamilton, Burgess, Beard and Merriam only is to me incomprehensible, as there is plenty of evidence in his review that he has read the book.

As Dr. Mott suggests, it is hard in many cases to classify a writer as a sociologist or a political scientist, but I doubt if I would modify my decision in any of the cases he mentions. Maitland's theoretical work was all done in the way of adapting Gierke's sociological jurisprudence. Michels entitles his own great work a "sociological" study of parties. Wallas writes of himself as a sociologist, and Laski has called him "the wisest of living sociologists." Duguit and Laski, like Maitland, have done their best work along the line of a sociological study of law and sovereignty. Freund's work on the police power and social legislation has a distinctly sociological orientation. Finally, Lippmann, whether he regards himself as a publicist or political scientist, has actually been one of our most independent and original psychological sociologists. In the complex problems of classification it has seemed to me best to base the decision on the orientation and character of the writing of a man rather than upon the title of his professorial chair or his specific vocation.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Northampton, Mass.

The Sameness of Republicans and Democrats

SIR: Discussing the speech of John W. Davis at Sea Girt the Sun says: "Members of the Democratic party were responsible for the unparalleled waste and extravagance—if nothing worse—of the Shipping Board during the last Democratic Administration." And the Republican campaign text-book just made public arraigns of the record of the Board during the Wilson administration, and plumes itself on "a remarkable record of accomplishment of the last four years of Republican administration of the Board."

I shall not now undertake to prove that the Board under the administrations of Wilson and of Harding functioned exactly alike. It would require more space than the New Republic would give to the subject. The facts can be found in the printed hearings of Congressional Committees before which I have testified on several occasions.

What I wish now to point out is that while Wilson must be held responsible for the gross and studied mismanagement and incompetence, and for the saturnalia of graft, looting and waste in the Shipping Board organization during his administration, the men who were directly responsible for all this, and who profited most from it, are, with scarcely an exception, Republicans of the highest distinction, some of whom four years ago were heralded as presidential possibilities on the Republican ticket.

All of which proves the truth of what I have repeatedly said—that there is no essential difference between the Republican and Democratic parties, a fact which the people are now alive to, and explains the sweep that is taking place to the Progressive party.

People in all walks of life, including the property class, realize that the surest and simplest method of tax reduction for the great mass of people is to compel payment back into the Treasury of the billions stolen by the spoliators. Only the election of La Follette can accomplish this.

PHILIP MANSON.

New York, N. Y.

Arthur Davison Ficke

SIR: A characteristic example of one of the chief faults of current literary criticism is furnished by William A. Norris's review, in your pages, of Arthur Davison Ficke's latest book of poems, Out of Silence. Mr. Norris says: "He is active only in his will-to-write, and I imagine him as welcoming every opportunity to satisfy this one passion," and again, "Mr. Ficke, like most people who write poetry deliberately and continuously"—and other remarks of the same order. These remarks are in the nature not of literary judgments, but of alleged biographical facts, and I am in a position to contradict them. It is, doubtless, not a matter of any public importance whether Mr. Ficke writes poetry "deliberately and continuously" or not; but it seems to me worth while to point out that the reviewer is talking nonsense made up out of his own head, and that the poet he has imagined and discussed so freely is, in fact, imaginary! The reviewer is, indeed, concerned only in using this false figment to illustrate, by contrariety, his own pretty and conventional notions of what poets should be. If these notions were more original or more interesting, I should not complain. But Mr. Norris likes to think of poets as "hungering for some perfect sonnet that they will never write." I submit that a real poet, such as Arthur Davison Ficke, is infinitely more interesting than these ideal creations of the reviewer's fancy. The real poet happens to be concerned with more poignant emotions than these about perfect sonnets. He says—I am quoting from the volume reviewed—

> "God, thou hast mocked me with a loveliness,
> Ever my own to seek, never to see:
> And thou hast stooped to poison with sure trust
> In perfect beauty, this poor swirl of dust."

But he is not talking about sonnets, he is talking about life. It is because Arthur Davison Ficke has felt deeply about life, rather than about verse merely, that he has become one of the most important poets of our generation.

FLOYD DELL.

Siasconset, Mass.

The American Girl and Duccio

SIR: Mr. Stark Young's musings upon a Young Lady with Duccio make me wonder if he is quite fair to the young lady in question, and to the culture which she represents. To put her case justly she should be grouped, by implication at least, with other young ladies of her age and social opportunities from England, Germany, France and Italy. The English girl would most likely share her American sister's belief in freedom, in votes for women, and in women doing what they please. She too would believe in fine men and in children being sensibly brought up, and I fear if many reports be true she is no keener to trouble herself with motherhood. The Protestant girl from Düsseldorf or Frankfort would perhaps make even a slighter pause before Duccio, who knows? And just how many young ladies from Lyons and Bordeaux, Milan and Turin, come to worship at the shrine of Duccio? I venture to guess that there are more from Chicago, Cleveland, Denver and Los Angeles.

No, I should prefer to judge our American culture by a man like Mr. Stark Young, who comes repeatedly across leagues of water to renew the life of his spirit at the wellsprings of art.

SAMUEL M. ILSLEY.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

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The New Spoon River

The New Spoon River, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

This son and heir of the old Spoon River Anthology arrives rather disquietingly dressed up in its father's clothes, and, strongly recommended by its heredity, flaunts a jacket which reminds us that Mr. Masters's first parade of skeletons was at the time thought to be "the best living interpretation of America," "a miracle of veracious characterization," with the "divine thrill," the "authentic inspiration," the "white flame of beauty," and a "place among the masterpieces."

Ten years have passed, and while the Anthology was certainly a landmark in American literature—we won't tell you the total number of landmarks—it was a long way from being a thrilling miracle of authentic beauty. Original—yes, and sincere, and "authentic," and real in a veracious, unsubtle, solid way, but also how utterly charmless it was, and yeastless, how much more like acid it burned into us than like fire.

What we remember of the first Anthology is that impression of having been introduced to a small town and its small houses and small inhabitants by a guide who showed us, with merciless irony, through all the back yards and back alleys, past all the underestimated lives hidden within poor exteriors, and the mean souls hiding behind a brave facade. We remember the expedition, and its desperately honest, saltless aftertaste, but we don't remember any of the individuals. Their faces, less distinct than the gossip, detective work and idealistic generalizations in which they swam, have long since disappeared. The talk about "a miracle of veracious characterization" was nonsense. There was no gallery of characters. There were no characters, and what we mistook for such were case histories in the clinic of life's hospital, with Mr. Masters as surgeon rather than artist.

Existence in Spoon River has not ceased, and Mr. Masters has continued to record it. The place has changed a good deal since 1914; it has grown; it employs labor, amasses capital, parks automobiles, listens to the radio; the war has come and gone, foreign names and faces are mixed with native. On the surface it has changed, and in this new gallery private views of public lives are added to the public exposure of private lives which began in the old gallery, but from one gallery we move imperceptibly into the other, and since Mr. Masters is much the same as before, at bottom Spoon River is not so very different either. For Mr. Masters's ideas and feelings about life in general were more important to him, whether he was aware of it or not, than his portraits, and blurred and overshadowed them. In the new Anthology his ideas and feelings are much more frankly in the foreground, dimming even further the portraits of individuals whose names are as often as not merely the formal occasion for his remarks.

The New Spoon River is a collection much more than a pattern. It is a container for what Mr. Masters thinks about things in general—or rather a fleet of little boats, each christened with a combination of the heavy, irrelevant fancy reminiscent of parlor cars and the actuality of the telephone directory (Didymus Hupp, Bayard Gable, Aristotle Dolegg, Lottie Chipp, Norris Littell), and each with its little cargo of Mr. Masters's poetic and philosophic freight. Some of the freight is original and striking; for instance Herbert Nitze on page 125: what a mess it would be if all the people ever born were still on the earth—

> Kings! walking the automat, trying to pass old pennies;
> Crusaders! chattering of dead centuries in the drug store;

and a magnificent defense of America as a land of romance and curious history (Meredith Phyfe, page 339). A good deal of it is poetic with a kind of road-bound aspiring poetry which almost but never quite breaks free; a good deal more is saddened, blunt-edged irony, mixed with praise of truth and hope for the future. If such lines as these be taken as a repetition of the typical 1914 manner (Prof. Mackemeyer):

> My poverty and suffering and illness at last
> Were not due to the sin of running away
> With Professor Gardner's wife,

then the following (Isabel, William and Albert), are representative of Mr. Masters in 1924:

> Soul of the Universe! Eternal Love!
> Making for change and death—but for life!
> Multiform, mysterious, exhaustless. . .

As his featureless uniform ghosts move across the dim stage at the call of their names, Mr. Masters, a Greek chorus seated at an upright piano, strikes the somewhat ponderous and raw-toned chords of Fate, Irony, Death, Love, Crime, Disease, Waste, Embezzlement, Adultery and Psychosis. Love without Laughter, Crime without Comedy, Fate without Incident, Man without Men and Women. More important, stirring and beautiful than individual men and women are their clay-colored urges, their urge-colored lives. Mr. Masters has the gift for caustic, arresting figures of speech, but curiously enough he cannot, or will not, apply them to character, and so his list of human names becomes a procession of similes referring to human nature, in the pursuit of truths about which he shows abounding earnestness, little zest, and less humor.

It would be unfair to deny merit to Mr. Masters, but his talent, as distinct from merit, has surely been overrated. We may agree with his fine feelings about life, we may find his sense of values in accord with our own, we may admire his courage, respect his deep sincerity, envy his high qualities of heart and soul, and at the same time be well aware that his mind and pen are not particularly engaging translators of this soul. After closing his book, his personality, genuine and idealistic beyond that of all but a handful of Americans, survives, but his words, his people, his creation, fade rapidly away. All those multiple lives have become merged into the fog of Life, all those headstones in Spoon River's graveyard have melted away into something called Death.

Life and Death have always been fair game for poets, but these two, plus politics, the local bank, scandal, war, millionaires, divorce and illegitimacy, are the fair game of leader writers and preachers as well. Mr. Masters is a little of all three—too much the preacher to be quite a poet, too much the poet to be a parson, too much the pulpit-poet to be a really good editorial writer.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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The Life of Frederick Taylor

The Life of Frederick F. Taylor, by Frank B. Copley. New York: Harper and Brothers. $10.00.

A BOY of twelve was troubled with nightmares. He devised a harness of straps and wooden points which automatically awakened him when he turned on his back. In playing croquet, it was the boy's habit to study the angles and velocity of the various shots, while his elders were content merely to hit the ball. When he walked across country he continually experimented with his legs in order to discover the step which would cover the maximum distance with the minimum energy. Years later, having been told by expert horticulturists that trees and hedges above a certain size could not be transplanted, he promptly developed a technique for moving box hedges and large pine trees which proved the horticulturists to be quite ignorant of their own business.

For the Midvale Steel Company he built a steam hammer which stretched the laws of physics, though it proved the mightiest hammer ever designed, and he built an extraordinarily efficient chimney like the tower of Pisa which men swore would fall down, but which did not fall down. For a paper mill he devised a hydraulic yanker of logs from stream to factory floor; he put his bark strippers in cages safe from dangerous machinery, and he cut the cost of sulphite pulp from twenty dollars to eight dollars and fifty-eight cents a ton. But it took him fourteen years to learn that "the best measure of the value of a tool lay in the exact cutting speed at which it was completely ruined at the end of twenty minutes." In the recesses of his mind, he kept a private chamber of horrors. In it were Germans, theologians, trade unions, politicians, professors and financiers. In brief, Frederick W. Taylor was that relatively rare human being, an authentic genius.

He was born in Germantown in 1856 of well-to-do parents. His father was of Quaker, his mother of Puritan, ancestry. He tell us that he inherited "a whale of a New England conscience." He prepared for Harvard at Exeter, but never matriculated because of his eyes. He entered the works of the Midvale Steel Company in which his family was financially interested, as an apprentice. He worked as laborer and machinist, was promoted to foreman, and at length became general technical advisor, having meanwhile qualified as a mechanical engineer at Stevens Polytechnic. Stevens taught him the principles of mechanics but the narrow engineering training was not a happy medium for the free flow of his genius. At Midvale, he laid the foundation of his system of Scientific Management as a sort of by-product in connection with his work on cutting steel. As an inventor, he revolutionized the art of high speed steel cutting, and for this achievement alone would have won lasting fame. But it was the by-product that ultimately came to claim first place in his heart, and it is for this by-product that he will be chiefly remembered. Inventions in technical processes had been happening regularly for a hundred years. The technique of Scientific Management was something new in the world. He left Midvale to become a consulting engineer in the new profession, and introduced his methods in many great industrial concerns, as well as in government arsenals and navy yards.

Sometimes he was successful, sometimes he failed, being unable to bring about that "revolution of thought" on the part of the management which was cardinal in his system. Always he was headlong, imperious and tactless. A very demon of a man, the stronger because he knew his facts, while his opponents dealt largely in hearsay. If Spencer's idea of tragedy was a theory killed by a fact, Taylor's idea of tragedy was a fact killed by a theory. He became President of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, but he was a relatively unknown man until Brandeis tranfixed the country with the news that the railroads were wasting a million dollars a day. This charge was based primarily on Taylor's work, and the work of engineers who had followed Taylor. Following the famous rate case, "Taylor efficiency. (a misnomer as we shall see), and "Taylorism" became almost as well advertised as "Einstein" today—and about as well understood. And ever since, his name and his work have moved in storm and fury and adulation. During the latter part of his life (he died in 1915) he devoted himself to extending the knowledge and application of Scientific Management without financial remuneration of any kind. For this work he often drew heavily upon his private income. There is no question but that he was utterly sincere in regarding it as a solution both of the problem of capital and labor, and of underproduction. He hated trade unions, but he lived and died in the belief that the outstanding sanction for his method was that it would lead the worker out of bondage. Beside this goal, profits and production per se took a secondary place in his mind.

Mr. Copley has had no light task in telling the story of this extraordinary man, and on the whole he has done a remarkably good job. These two volumes will never rank as one of the world's greatest biographies, but from them we get sound, technical insight into what Taylor did, and a picture of the man himself which can excite both the romanticist and the psychologist. The tempo is seldom heroic, adulation is mercifully absent, the cracks in the armor appear as well as the brave shield and buckler. It is recorded for instance that when Taylor debated his theme before a Congressional investigating committee, he so completely lost his balance that his ravings had to be stricken from the record. And while he regarded all the taboos of the great American home, his opinion of the church was largely unprintable, and he was a past master in the higher profanity. The author has greatly increased the value of his book as a human document in thus avoiding the usual biographical glucose.

But perhaps even more important than the personal story, is the attempt to get into focus the movement which Taylor launched on an unwilling world. What was this thing—this "Scientific Management" that the builder of corkscrew chimneys forced down the throats of angry executives, that caused Mr. Gompers's remaining hairs to stand on end, that filled the pages of the newspapers in 1911 until "efficiency" became a national slogan; that translated this man's ill-written books into a score of foreign languages, that founded the Taylor Society, that laid the university by the ears, and at last raised him to the dais of an engineering saint before whom men bowed down and worshipped? What did Taylor discover? What has Scientific Management done to our behavior and our thinking in the generation which

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has grown up since the Art of Cutting Metal was first published?

Taylor or no Taylor, scientific management would have come. Perhaps not so soon, perhaps not so concretely, perhaps more tactfully, but it would have come. Back of Taylor were Babbitt and Sellers, and a certain Frenchman who in 1760 was time-studying the process of pin making. The growing scientific spirit would have forced a critical analysis of management and industrial planning. We have not here so much the shadow of a great man, but a genius loose in a gathering shadow.

What Taylor did was to apply scientific methodology—as opposed to trial and error—to the job of making up a given amount of raw material into given finished product, on the principle of a minimum of waste and friction. To accomplish this end it became necessary to analyze every factor in the circuit, to bring to bear the last word in technical knowledge, and ultimately to set up performance standards. If the job was making locomotive tires, the raw steel, the cutting tools, the arrangements of cutting machinery, the belting, the power load, the lubricating and cooling devices, the handling of supplies, and the physical motions of the men who ran the tools, must all be analyzed and coördinated by hundreds of laboratory experiments until the best way was found. (In his high speed steel work, Taylor conducted no less than 40,000 experiments).

The basic principles as stated by Taylor include: first, the development of a science for each element of a man's work, to replace the old rule of thumb method; second, the selection and training of workmen to follow the science laid down; third, the payment of extraordinarily high wages to workmen who approached the standard performance set up, and of ordinary wages to those who took more than the standard time allowance; and fourth, the dividing of responsibility between men and management on the basis of scientifically determined function.

Time study is not Scientific Management; piece work is not Scientific Management; "efficiency" is not Scientific Management. Scientific Management goes to the root of the problem in hand and sets up a 100 percent standard, based if you please on a certain amount of time study, and piece work rates. It is the *best* way of doing the job on the basis of extant technical knowledge. "Efficiency" on the other hand has to do with tinkering and patching, and, if it is lucky, finding a *better* way than the reigning one. Scientific Management, as Taylor insisted over and over again, implied a mental revolution in management and men, and often a physical revolution in plant. It meant functional instead of military shop organization, a central planning department, higher overhead costs to gain lower direct costs; it meant turning the works into a laboratory for a greater or lesser length of time, suspending production, rebuilding, rearranging, educating labor in new habit patterns; it meant increased capital outlays, no immediate profits, deferred dividends. It meant in brief, doing the job right.

The rage of "practical" executives under the circumstances is perfectly understandable. They are raging still, but on the whole the clamor grows less. As Taylor's followers—man like Gantt and Thompson and Cooke—carry on, and, it must be admitted, modify and amend, a steadily increasing number of concerns, both here and abroad, are coming in whole or in part to an adoption of the principles of Scientific Management. The "mental revolution" grows.

Scientific Management will endure, for it is not built on sand. But it will need important modifications in its approach to the worker. With the unions Taylor fought a pitched battle to the day of his death. As a result the two words are anathema to the average laboring man. There is no complete system of Scientific Management in any union shop. Taylor was not a philosopher. He never glimpsed the very real factors implicit in the struggle between owners and workers. He believed with a charming logic that labor and capital were coöperators and should act as coöperators. He never saw the bitter agony and the stark necessity out of which the labor movement was born. He never took into adequate consideration the phenomenon of business-like sabotage on the part of an absentee owner. In brief he was no economist, no psychologist, but an excellent engineer looking at the social ellipse with all the impatience of a mind which moves in straight lines. Some method accordingly must be found for reconciling the labor movement to Scientific Management based on more than "extraordinarily high wages for 100 percent performance," before the movement can secure the headway it deserves.

In the locomotive repair shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the International Association of Machinists and the shop crafts unions, in coöperation with the management, are now conducting an experiment which may provide the technique for healing this breech. In this experiment the unions have retained their own engineer, Mr. O. S. Beyer, Jr., and under his direction the men are taking more responsibility, and giving more intelligence and interest than was ever contemplated in Taylor's original plan. And not the least interesting phase of the experiment, is that it is being conducted by the very union which fought Taylor the hardest! The hue and cry which has been raised as to the disastrous effect on the worker in respect to "speeding up," monotony, fatigue and the "dead level of uniformity," leave us unimpressed. Taylor repeatedly held that if the standard set up made for over-fatigue, the planning department had bungled its job. Scientific Management, he said, did not become genuinely scientific, until men were content to work under it. This was a cardinal principle in Taylor's mind. Granting machine production, it is difficult to see how Taylor's position can be attacked on this score. There is little possibility of craftsmanship, there can be little release of the creative instinct in machine tending. Better to face the fact unsentimentally, prescribe the habit patterns which will give the maximum of output with the minimum of fatigue, and trust to an ultimate shorter work day to right the outraged biological balance. In other words this particular attack on Scientific Management turns out to be an attack on the machine age in general—which is another story.

Finally it must be remembered that while Scientific Management provides a most admirable technique for the elimination of waste, and has great promise in the direction of increasing production and real wages therewith, it is not yet yoked up to any such social goal. It is concerned solely with speeding up the output of a given product—whether that product be whole wheat flour or

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Tono Bungay. It has the potentiality of all these things, but it has equally the potentiality of increasing the fixed charges of industry on the wayfaring man. Like Giant Power, it comprises a sound and magnificent technique, but it is a technique which may be used either for liberation or exploitation. And so far as the record runs, no man can yet say whether it is liberation or exploitation which will prevail.

STUART CHASE.

Recent Fiction

Balisand, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN Balisand Mr. Hergesheimer returns to the period novel, of which he has given such eminent examples in Java Head and The Three Black Pennys. Balisand will not rank with these triumphs. It is true, Mr. Hergesheimer has shown the same happy skill in choosing his field. The place and time are the Virginia tidewater in the twenty years after the American Revolution; and the hero is Richard Bale, descendant of cavaliers. The experience of the saturnine Richard makes the pattern of the book; and the historical background is the struggle between Federalist and Republican, which Mr. Hergesheimer treats conscientiously. Across this gray cloud of discussion flash certain episodes which fix unforgettably the manners of the time, and in which Mr. Hergesheimer is at his best—Richard's drinking, his love-making, the cock-fighting, horse-racing, gambling and finally the duel. And over all there is the atmosphere Old Virginia in which nature met the instincts and desires of cavalier life in a perfect blending. Episode and atmosphere are the qualities in Balisand which will reward the patient follower of Mr. Hergesheimer's art. To advert to a detail, it is shocking that so scrupulous an artist should be so careless of his English as to let his cavalier die with a solecism on his lips.

Sound and Fury, by James Henle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A NOVEL of the type which is being slowly established as distinctively American, in method, style, material, and attitude. It narrates, with undeviating directness and vivid style the life of Goody Guthrie of Harpersburg, Ohio, from boyhood, through school, college, war, business, marriage to the melodramatic catastrophe—melodramatic, but in the American manner. Goody is an individualist. "What's the good of telling me about equality when I don't want equality?" he cries. "You tell me the people don't rule. I don't want them to rule. They're a bunch of fools, anyway . . . I tell you we're on top because we belong on top, and we're going to stay on top as long as we can." This ruling-class philosophy is the expression of Goody's own personality. It made him a militarist. The discipline of the army was such as he would have devised—"the discipline established by superiors for inferiors—men inferior in birth, education, intelligence and courage." But Goody's individualism is genuine. It contains the saving leaven of noblesse oblige. It carries him beyond the herd mind. When the American Legion proves its patriotism by forbidding an Austrian violinist to play in the city, he resigns from it. And he resigns from the America which his generation had inherited and enlarged. Education, the war, prohibition morality, Rotary Clubs, the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan, they are figures in the same design. Goody's final words, though hurled at the last, are comprehensive: "Fatheads and bastards."

A Pilgrimage, by Johan Bojer. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

A PILGRIMAGE, the latest of Bojer's novels to be translated, is as typically Norwegian as Sound and Fury is American. It is the story of Regina Aas in search of her child, which she had given to be adopted by strangers from the hospital where she brought it forth. There is little of the world through which Regina travels; only two characters touch her closely, the father of her child and her husband. Even more than in his other novels Bojer depends on the sheer statement of his theme and the concentration of his heroine's experience upon it, with grim succinctness and elemental force. Such a story, in the absence of relief, of solace of any sort, is invariably pronounced morbid—and it would be futile to quarrel with the word.

Subsoil, by George F. Hummel. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

SUBSOIL is another illustration of the tendency of fiction toward extreme simplification. In these days the conventions of the novel are as trite and expected as those of the well-made play or the screen drama, and the short story has been reduced to a formula. Novelty is to be sought in the material itself. Mr. Hummel follows Mrs. Fisher's Raw Material and Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio. The only traces of structure in Subsoil are the map on the inside cover, giving the location of the cottages and farms of the seaside village of Norwold, Connecticut, and the list of the villagers, Anzy Ward, French Charley, Jeremiah Jenkins, Letty Fox, Katy Catt, Pop Hawkins, and the rest, through whose experience work the forces which knead human life, powerful and unchanging as sun, rain, and sea. Mr. Hummel's art is one of extreme restraint. He does not strive or cry. He does not, like Sherwood Anderson, yearn over his characters, seeking in their behalf some meaning of existence. After Miss Rose Macaulay's brilliant social generalization in Told by an Idiot, and Mr. Henle's striking individual protest in Sound and Fury, Mr. Hummel missed a chance to complete the trilogy with the title, Signifying Nothing.

Centerville, U. S. A., by Charles Merz. New York. The Century Company. $2.00.

MR. MERZ apparently generalizes more widely than Mr. Hummel. In place of the map of Norwold he tells us as foreword, on the authority of the U. S. Census Reports: "There are more Centervilles in the United States than towns of any other name." But Mr. Merz is a satirist. Grandpa Gilpin, Cod Macy, Mrs. Henry Nesbit, the Brothers Tevis all belong in the same town. Unlike Mr. Hummel, Mr. Merz puts an accent on what is broadly appealing in their experience, and treats them with humor and pity. He enjoys them, and his enjoyment is the medium through which we observe

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The Fox's Paw

ERNEST BOYD, writing on Ramon Perez de Ayala, calls him "the most distinguished figure of the younger generation of Spanish writers." Mr. Boyd credits him with "a rich and graceful vocabulary . . . a great skill in writing, an easy style, with just the right note of irony, and a pleasant vein of genuine comedy with a dash of what is usually called Gallic salt." "The Fox's Paw," his most important work, is a searching analysis of the character of a young Spanish swashbuckler and philanderer. It is a novel to be reckoned with by those who wish to keep abreast of modern Spanish literature." $2.50

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them, these bare, uncouth, grotesque figures, in an atmosphere from which they draw interest and charm. Mr. Merz is a personal essayist with the qualities traditional to his rôle, which may be summed up in the word temperament.

My Daughter Helen, by Allan Monkhouse. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE relation of parents and children forms a necessary subsidiary theme in most full length novels, and occasionally, as in Turgeniev's masterpiece or The Way of All Flesh, it becomes the dominant one. Mr. Monkhouse has given us a very understanding and sympathetic study of father and daughter, with the father's point of view conscientiously maintained. It is evident, apart from the publisher's note, that we have here a novel and its sequel. It is a usual but necessary comment that the first part, with its impressive close, puts the second at a disadvantage. The latter is in substance the relation of a father and his son-in-law. Nevertheless the theme is maintained, and through its oblique treatment in the second part the father's love is the force which carries the story to its conclusion. Friendly reviewers overemphasize the subtlety and insight of the study, but they can do no more than justice to its rightness of feeling, and scrupulous honesty of presentation.

Woodsmoke, by Francis Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A MELODRAMA with East Africa for a setting. The local color of the jungle is convincing and the story exciting to the point of sleeplessness. The author strives manfully with his characters and carries them through their elaborate complications by main strength and sheer nerve. It is clear that African fiction has improved since the days of Rider Haggard.

R. M. L.

In the October 1, issue of the New Republic, the reference on page 113 to the decision of the Supreme Court nullifying a statute fixing "the standard rate of bread" should have read "the standard weight of bread."

Contributors

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STUART CHASE, Harvard 1910, is connected with the Labor Bureau, and is the author of The Challenge of Waste.

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